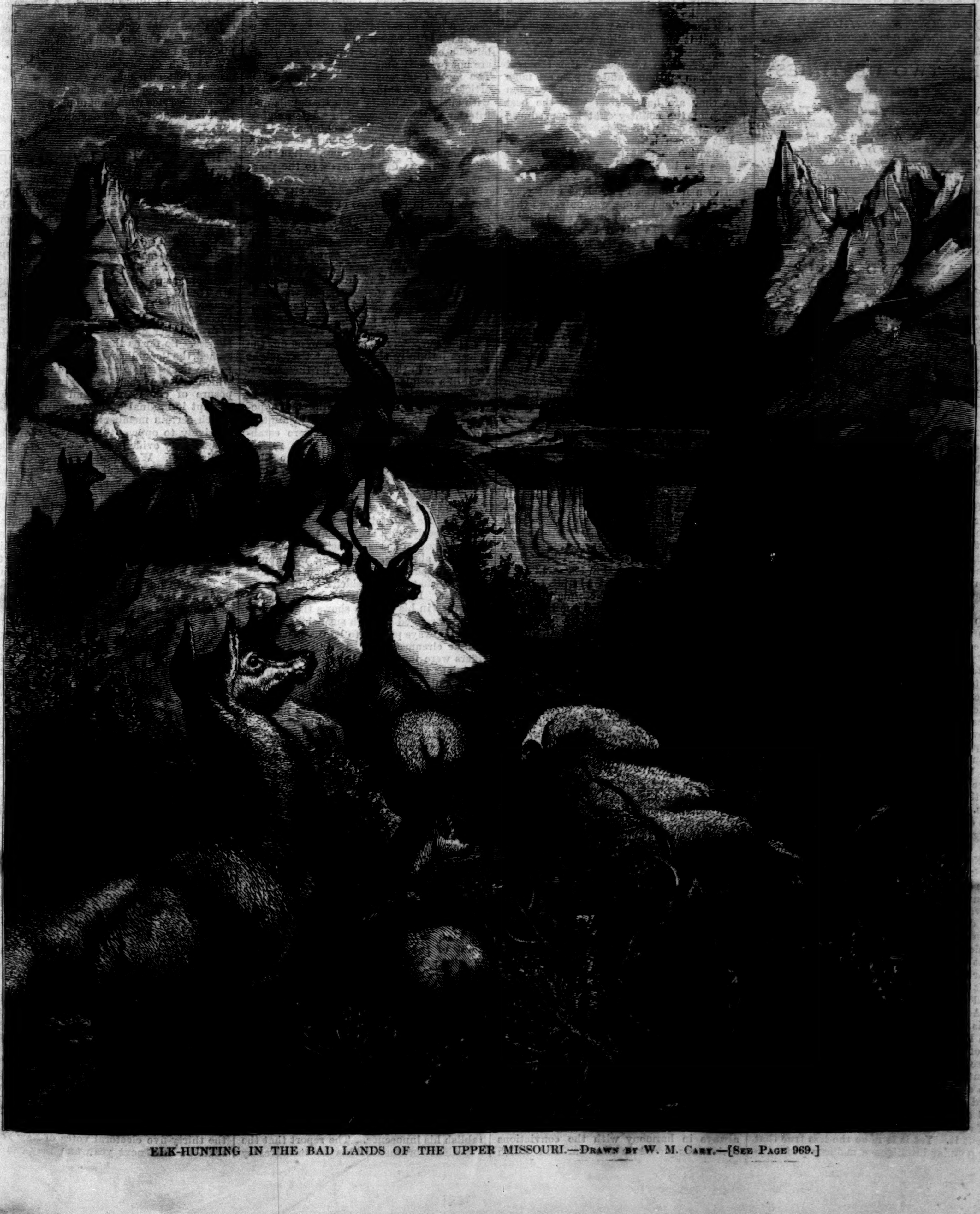
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIX.—No. 987.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1875. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1875, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



ELK-HUNTING IN THE BAD LANDS OF THE UPPER MISSOURI.—DRAWN BY W. M. CARY.—[SEE PAGE 969.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR POSTAGE FREE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, POSTAGE PREPAID by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

☞ *Those desiring to renew their Subscriptions to* HARPER'S PERIODICALS *will much oblige the Publishers by sending in their Names as early as convenient before the Expiration of their present subscriptions. This will obviate the delay attendant upon re-entering names and mailing back Numbers.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1875.

NEW STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

☞ *In an early Number of* HARPER'S BAZAR *will be commenced a new Illustrated Serial Story, entitled*

THE TWO DESTINIES:

A Romance.

By WILKIE COLLINS, *author of "The New Magdalen," "The Law and the Lady," "Man and Wife," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc. This story is full of dramatic interest, and promises to equal in power any of the preceding works of the distinguished author.*

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a further installment of* FARJEON'S *new Christmas Story,*

"AN ISLAND PEARL,"

and a superb double-page engraving entitled "THE RESCUE."

An illustrated SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEXT YEAR.

THE elections of the autumn make it plain that the Democrats will not follow the Ohio and Pennsylvania wings of their party in proposing inflation as their national platform next year. The Republicans will of course adopt the most positive hard-money policy. Both parties will declare for honest and economical administration and for a generous policy in the Southern States. Upon any actual issue, how will their declarations differ? And if the platforms should be substantially the same, what are the comparative advantages and disadvantages of the two parties? The obvious Democratic advantage is that there have been corruptions and misconduct under Republican ascendency, as under all other, and that there is in consequence wide and deep Republican dissatisfaction. There is also the advantage which the outs always have over the ins of the want of responsibility, and the opportunity of magnificent professions and promises. But these advantages are more than balanced by the general distrust of the Democratic party, which is always shown the moment it obtains any positive precedence, and by the knowledge that an intelligent and patriotic purpose is regaining control of the Republican party. The signal evidence of this is the breach that has silently grown up between this sentiment and much of the Executive policy and many of the Executive acts. It is this Republican sentiment which has disposed of the possibility of a serious suggestion of a third term, and which in the State Conventions of the last year, as in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and New York especially, did not hesitate to criticise the Executive policy in some essential points. It is to the consciousness and observation of this fact, to the conviction that for desirable reform it is not necessary to turn to the Democratic party, with its old leaders and its inherent fatal tendencies, that the immense political reaction of this year from the last is chiefly due.

It is true that a party must expect to be held responsible for the general conduct of an Administration that it brings into power. This is a truth that was loudly enforced by the Democratic party during the Presidency of ANDREW JOHNSON. The Republicans were ridiculed for complaining of the President whom they had made possible. But the case of ANDREW JOHNSON showed how hard it is under the rigid forms of our political system for a party to disembarrass itself of those who have ceased really to represent it. Yet it is none the less true that the popular intelligence makes a plain distinction between Executive acts and party sentiment, and looks to the authorized expression of the party in the various States to see the drift of party opinion. Nothing, for instance, could be more dissonant with the general tone of Republican declarations during the year than the appointment of Mr. CHANDLER. The Republican Conventions have plainly opposed certain policies and measures and a certain spirit of administration, with which Mr. CHANDLER has been strictly identified. His appointment, therefore, we described as a personal act of the President, for which the party, as such, was not held responsible. This difference between the party and the Executive is so well recognized that even an English paper, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in commenting upon the appointment of Mr. CHANDLER, says that the President "again separates himself from the policy of the Republican rank and file." Even when the Conventions have commended the Administration, the resolution has been out of the key of the platform, and signified rather personal regard than political accord. For no man who knows the President tolerates for a moment the reckless calumny of his motives which characterizes the party opposition to him, and it is this feeling which explains the apparent inconsistency of the commendation of which we speak. But the real Republican sentiment and purpose are none the less evident, and it is the perception that they are harmonious with the best wishes of the country that has produced the results of the elections.

But the conviction that the Republican organization is that through which these wishes can be satisfied must be deepened and strengthened to make sure of the election of a Republican President next year. This can be done in one way only, and that is by a more resolute pursuit of the same policy which has given the Republicans their success this year. If the Canal Ring, to secure its darling object, the defeat of Mr. TILDEN'S hopes of the Presidency, voted with the Republicans in New York, the Canal Ring did not elect Mr. RICE in Massachusetts, nor Mr. LUDINGTON in Wisconsin, nor General HARTRANFT in Pennsylvania, nor General HAYES in Ohio, nor secure the victories in Kansas, Minnesota, and New Jersey. These were due mainly to the conviction that reform is accomplishing itself "within the party." If this conviction should prove to be unfounded, the Democrats will elect their President next year. If the spoilsmen, the "bummers," the office-holding interest, should be seen to be in control, the contest will be already decided. We say office-holding interest not because we would stigmatize any honorable agent of the Administration, but because of the fact, which is as familiar to every such man as it is to us, that political management has fallen too much into the hands of those who have a personal and pecuniary interest in party success. A candidate nominated by that interest can not be elected President. In a total vote of 172,800 in Massachusetts, Mr. RICE had a plurality over Mr. GASTON of 5277. Nothing could more plainly show that the vote without which the Republicans can not elect their President is waiting to see what the Republicans mean to do. Mr. CHANDLER, for instance, is an honest man, and will doubtless make an efficient Secretary of the Interior. Could the Republican party elect Mr. CHANDLER to the Presidency? And if not, as every body knows, it is because Mr. CHANDLER, honest and efficient as he is, stands for that kind of management and policy which have reduced the Republican majority in Massachusetts from 73,000 in 1872 to 5000 in 1875, and which have left us even 5000 only because it is felt that the party itself is discarding that leadership.

If the vote which is watching and waiting, the army of observation which carries victory upon its banners, is to be won to the Republican side in a Presidential election when the party declarations are substantially the same, it can not be done by party patronage, nor by reliance upon party machinery and discipline, nor by suffering the control to fall into hands from which it was believed to have passed. It can not be done by the nomination of any candidate who is associated or identified with the tendencies and spirit that have been condemned. It can be done only by the nomination of some candidate who is himself the conclusive proof that the reform "within the party" is virtually accomplished, and that the honest desires of the country in regard to the finances, to the reconstructed States, and to administrative reform shall be fulfilled. The candidate will be of especial importance in the election of next year, because of the want of a great dividing issue, such as the extension of slavery, the prosecution of the war, or reconstruction. The Centennial President should be a man originally and always in harmony with the convictions which conquered in the war and which have renewed the Union, and by instinct and habit superior to the lower tone that has crept into practical politics: a man of sound sense, of political and official experience, of practical ability, and of lofty independence. No mere Republican partisan, still less any mere Democratic partisan, can satisfy this demand. The elections, according to the President, "give an assurance that the Republicans will control this government for at least four years longer." But strictly upon one condition only: that they shall be distinctly seen to deserve to control it.

SECRETARY BRISTOW AND THE WHISKY RING.

IT is one of the most encouraging signs of the times that while the Governor of New York is fighting the canal thieves, the Secretary of the Treasury is grappling with the powerful and wily Whisky Ring. This contest is quite as significant and important as that in New York, although it has been conducted with less regard to public display and party advantage. Those who know the Secretary of the Treasury are aware that he is not a man to compromise or relax such a task as that to which he has set his hand, but the extent and the intricacy of which are not properly understood by the country. The most comprehensive and instructive article upon the subject, prepared evidently with entire familiarity with its details and interior history, appeared in a late number of the *Financier*, which is of opinion that the Whisky Ring and its enormous frauds and the immense official demoralization produced by it are due primarily to the present system of the civil service.

The State of Missouri and the city of St. Louis were in the hands of the Democrats, and to recover power it was proposed by certain Republican politicians that a campaign fund should be raised by the revenue officers among the distillers, who found that those who gave liberally were suitably considered by those officers. The fund was raised, but the party was not successful, and the influences that had suggested the fund now proposed a newspaper organ. For some time about a thousand dollars was raised weekly for this purpose, and as this went on, the officers naturally thought that they might raise money in the same way for themselves. In 1872 a regular division of the spoils was arranged. Then it became necessary to protect the system from observation and exposure. Agents were found in Washington. Intimacies and branch rings were established elsewhere, newspapers were retained, and gradually the profits of the Ring reached the sum of $1,200,000 in St. Louis alone.

The President was made to believe that the money raised was entirely for party objects. He maintained intimate relations, unconsciously, with leaders of the Ring who were revenue officers. Their power seemed to be absolute. The Ring was apparently omnipotent in Washington, and many thought that the President could not be innocent. But his positive support of the Secretary in his contest shows that he was wholly wronged by such suspicions, as has, indeed, always proved to be the fact under similar circumstances. Distillers and rectifiers were forced to abet the Ring by an ingenious foisting of apparent frauds upon them, and they could save themselves from prosecution and ruin only by acquiescing in the conspiracy. Complaints were made in vain to ears that were stopped by the Ring. Proofs fell into its concealed hands. One or two persons peculiarly persistent against it were assaulted at night and left for dead. The Ring packed caucuses and conventions. It bought and bribed newspapers. It dictated appointments to minor offices. It had a revenue of a million of dollars a year, and apparently reposed under the highest protection. It stole like TWEED, and, like him, defied justice. It cheated like the Canal Ring, and, like that, bribed the officers of the law.

This was the insolent and powerful public enemy, intrenched within his own party, which Secretary BRISTOW attacked, and with such sagacity, vigor, and resources that he is already virtually the victor. Many of the distillers and rectifiers have pleaded guilty and thrown themselves upon the mercy of the government. Two of the officers have been convicted. Two have pleaded guilty. Many more are upon trial, and half a million of dollars have already been recovered to the Treasury. A former Deputy Collector has turned state's evidence, and, confessing his own guilt, has given such testimony that CONSTANTINE MAGUIRE, former Collector, and last spring the Republican candidate for Mayor, of St. Louis, has been indicted, and with him WILLIAM M'KEE, the principal proprietor of the *Globe-Democrat*, who states, however, that he will fully establish his innocence. The report that the President's brother and his private secretary had been indicted probably arose from some desperate declaration of implicated persons that they would make startling revelations. So far as such threats were meant to deter the Secretary or the President they are futile. President GRANT, in his decisive note of last summer to Secretary BRISTOW, exhorted him to push inflexibly forward, and Mr. BRISTOW has not faltered.

He has been doing an immense and heroic public service, but so quietly and unostentatiously that the country has not been fully aware of its importance and extent. Nor has Mr. BRISTOW sought in any way to turn it to partisan or personal advantage. But of course, like all vigorous and efficient service, it has had that effect. It has shown the Secretary's purpose and ability to secure administrative reform, and it has most conspicuously illustrated the possibility of reform within the party. Meanwhile, as the *Financier* truly remarks, the system of which this gigantic conspiracy was a natural growth still remains absolute, and is approved by both parties. It is the system which treats the civil service as party spoils, and not as a public business. A reform of this system upon principles vindicated by experience and common-sense would not, indeed, make bribery and collusion impossible. But because sanitary regulations can not abolish disease and death, it is not argued that men may as well breathe the fumes of a cess-pool. Because a reform of the civil service would not abolish dishonesty, it is not necessary to encourage stealing.

THE REPUBLICAN LEGISLATURE IN NEW YORK.

IT should be distinctly understood by Republicans every where that the great Republican majority in the Legislature of New York throws upon the Republicans, so far as the Legislature is concerned, the responsibility of the most cordial co-operation with the Governor in his good work. From such Senators as Mr. ROBERTSON, Mr. ROGERS, Mr. TOBEY, and Mr. PRINCE he does not, of course, doubt that he will receive it. But their responsibility is no greater than that of every other Republican member of both Houses. So far as the party action is concerned, the Republican members are pledged to the heartiest co-operation in the work which the Governor has begun in the exposure of canal frauds and thieves. If corrupt individual bargains were made by which certain members agreed actively or passively to oppose the reform, it will be immediately evident at the opening of the Legislature. We credit Governor TILDEN with sufficient tactical skill to compel his opponents in either party to show their hands; and if he believes, what his organs charge, that there is a corrupt bargain between the Ring and some of the Republican members, he will leave none of us in any doubt upon the subject. If such a bargain appears, we engage to help the Governor to publish the fact, and we shall most cheerfully assist in unearthing Republican rascals. They are the people whom the Republican party has most to fear.

We have constantly said that the true policy for the party is the most vigorous support of the canal war. We did not, of course, think it necessary to vote for Mr. JOHN FOX or Mr. JACOBS, nor to stand shoulder to shoulder with such Tammany reformers as Mr. SPINOLA, Colonel J. R. FELLOWS, and Captain ISAIAH RYNDERS, in order to secure that result. The Democratic party as such is no more a party of reform than the Republican party as such. And when the Democratic organs solemnly announce that all true reformers must see that FERNANDO WOOD'S and JOHN KELLY'S party is the Heaven-appointed means of political purification, what we do see is that the word reform is mere "gag" in their mouths. If Governor TILDEN had not caused the members of his non-partisan Canal Commission to become partisan candidates, and if his organs had advocated the election of honest men, whether Democrats or not, to the Legislature, he and they would have done what they could to maintain the sincere non-partisan character of the reform. If the work has been obstructed, it is because they insisted upon making it partisan.

That, however, does not change the duty of the Republican majority. The people of the State approve the Governor's action in the canal matter, and they have elected a Legislature, not to hinder, but to help him. They have very properly rejected the theory that he can be helped only by Democrats, and that is all that they have done in that direction. They will hold this Legislature to the strictest responsibility upon this subject. There is no kind of party interest that can furnish even a tolerable excuse for any doubtful legislation. The conduct of this Legislature will very much determine how the thirty-five electoral votes of New York shall be cast next year, and they can be

very easily lost to the Republican party. On the other hand, it will not be difficult for the majority in this Legislature to co-operate with Republican action elsewhere in a way to recover the GRANT majority of '72 for his Republican successor. But it can be done and done only by honest, patriotic conduct. And, to secure that, every Republican paper should be on the alert, and as prompt to denounce the failure of its party friends as that of its opponents.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE AND THE PRESIDENCY.

WAS the career of the late Chief Justice of the United States not sufficiently instructive, that the name of Mr. WAITE should be suggested for the Presidency? After the unfortunate nominations to the chief place upon the bench that were first made by the President, that of Mr. WAITE was accepted with satisfaction as that of an excellent lawyer and most worthy man, against whom no word could be breathed except that for so great an office a name more generally familiar seemed to be most fitting. Chief Justice WAITE fulfills his duties with quiet dignity. When he took his seat it was the general conviction that political ambition no longer sat upon the highest bench, and that the country would be spared the spectacle which had pained it. The attempt to drag his name into the contest of next year is in every way unfortunate, and there is no reason to doubt his disapproval of it.

Apart from the essential impropriety of such a suggestion, it is objectionable because of its theory, which is that the Chief Justice would be an available candidate for the reason that he is comparatively unknown. He is supposed to have no damaging "record." Thus, instead of being elevated to the Presidency because of illustrious public service, of a career and character familiar to the country, and of which it is proud—a career which would be the sure indication of his course as Chief Magistrate—he would be selected because, being unknown, he had made no enemies. He would be urged as a negative candidate, and, for that reason, as what is called available. But such candidates are desirable only when a party is in a high state of discipline and subordination, or when there is an overpowering issue. When BUCHANAN was nominated in 1856 he said to the committee in accepting that he was lost in the platform; and he was elected, as any candidate in his place would have been elected, because the slave interest absolutely controlled the Democratic party. In the same election the Republican candidate, Colonel FREMONT, was equally lost in the platform. He was merely the representative of an inflexible opposition to the continued dominance of slavery in the government. His personality was, in a certain sense, of no importance. Every man who wished to withstand the inroads of slavery supported him.

But the election of 1876 will be thoroughly independent, and will very largely depend upon the candidates. In such an election timidity and concealment are ridiculous. What the voters will insist upon knowing is, who the candidate is, what he has done, how he is identified with their wishes, and why he would be more likely to accomplish what both parties profess than his opponent. The more conspicuous and the better known he is, the better. Evasions and tricks and fetches and dodges will be not only foolish, but fatal. It is not only, therefore, because the effort to drag the Supreme Bench into every Presidential contest should be summarily condemned, but because in this case it is the effort of political weakness and cowardice, that the suggestion of the Chief Justice as the Republican candidate—made, we repeat, undoubtedly without his knowledge or desire—should not be entertained for a moment.

A QUESTION OF REFORM.

THE Springfield *Republican* having made the exceedingly foolish assertion that the success of the Republicans in the State of New York at the recent election would have been the most disastrous blow at reform, we replied that the Republicans were as fully pledged to reform as the Democrats, and had shown it by their support of the Governor's propositions to the Legislature, and by the confirmation of his so-called non-partisan commission, and by the declarations of their Convention. The *Republican*, in trying to defend its mistake, alleges that Mr. SEWARD and the honest Republicans who supported him were merely blinds for the purposes of the Canal Ring. This is merely a repetition of its original remark, and the only kind of argument it covers is this: that an honest Republican seeking reform ought not to have voted for Mr. SEWARD, an honest Republican pledged to reform, because JARVIS LORD, in order to beat an honest Democrat pledged to reform, might also vote for Mr. SEWARD. In other words, the *Republican* reiterates its substantial assertion that the Republicans ought to have supported the Democratic ticket, which was composed of no abler or honester men, and who were no more pledged to reform than their opponents. The repetition of such an assertion does not lessen its absurdity.

The further remarks of the *Republican* in regard to Mr. SEWARD and his friends, that they find themselves in the political bed with "JARVIS LORD and JIMMY O'BRIEN," call for no other observation than that the *Republican's* friends, the better Democrats, like Governor TILDEN and Mr. BIGELOW, find themselves in a similar bed with JOHN MORRISSEY and JOHN FOX. With the same consistency, the news of the defeat of a "reformed" Tammany was broken to the faithful on the night of election by those noted reformers, "Colonel FELLOWS" and "Captain RYNDERS," assisted by Mr. JOHN KELLY, who claims to be a reformer because he turned JOHN MORRISSEY out of Tammany Hall, and at the same time tried to send JOHN FOX to the Senate, and to place a subscriber to the TWEED statue upon the judicial bench.

The attempt of the *Republican* and of those who sympathize with it to represent Tammany Hall in the city and the Democratic party in the State as organizations of reform will fail, because it is not founded upon fact. As we say elsewhere, neither of the great parties as such is a party of reform. The better men in each are endeavoring to obtain control of the organization. Mr. TILDEN tried to do this in his party in 1870, but TWEED was too strong for him. Mr. TILDEN did not leave his party for that reason, nor denounce it, nor oppose it. He remained chairman of its State Committee, and, in the words of his friend and admirer, the *Republican*, he was TWEED'S "blind" to secure the election of TWEED'S Governor. Last year Mr. TILDEN succeeded in obtaining control; but if he should lose it to-morrow, there is no reason in his career to suppose that he would not honestly still regard the ascendency of his party as the paramount consideration, whatever its management and policy might be. It is not by such a leader, with "the crowd behind him," that Republicans can be drawn to the Democratic party to seek for general administrative reform, while in his contest with canal thieves in this State they will not fail to support him, as they would have done had they elected their own ticket.

PERSONAL.

MISS JENNY GILDER, who writes the charming "Brunswick" letters from New York to the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette*, thus sketches a Newark gentleman, who is one of the foremost journalists in the country: "The best prose writer in all Newark is Dr. SANFORD B. HUNT, editor of the *Daily Advertiser*, the leading newspaper of New Jersey. Dr. HUNT has never written a book, but if his editorials were collected and published in a volume, our literary world would be that much richer. He has written essays for the magazines occasionally, and their crisp and forcible style has always attracted attention. The doctor is thoroughly appreciated in Newark, where nearly all he says is taken for granted. The people out there don't say, 'Let us see what the *Daily* has to say about so and so,' but, 'Let us see what the doctor has to say about so and so.'"

—NATHAN STONE presents an example. He is of Farmington, Massachusetts, and is in his ninety-seventh year. At the recent election he voted for the seventy-fifth time for Governor, and has voted for President seventeen times.

—Baron GRANT, the new Italian minister to the United States, just arrived, is a healthy bachelor of forty. He has been in the Italian diplomatic service for fifteen years at Madrid, Vienna, and Brussels. He is a favorite of VICTOR EMANUEL, is thoughtful, prudent, and a friend of the Centennial.

—It ought to be a comfort in these hard times to know that Dr. LINDERMAN, Superintendent of the Mint, estimates the probable yield of the gold and silver mines of this country for 1876 to be $100,000,000—about twice the average yield since 1849.

—It is understood that ex-Senator CARL SCHURZ has decided to make New York city his permanent residence.

—To fiddle is becoming the amusement of potentates. The Emperor of Austria draws a pleasant bow, and tells his privy councilors and ministers that such is the best way to while away the fleeting hours. The Duke of Edinburgh is not only a good fiddler, but has some gumption as a composer. He has done a waltz. To hear him saw out old "Rosin the Bow" is said by his friends to be very high fun.

—The Hon. JAMES KNOX, of Knoxville, Illinois, has given $10,000 toward a Swedish college in that city. Thus will the college

"Prove its doctrines orthodox
By apostolic blows and Knox."

—Count MOLTKE is strategical in every thing. His movements, whether in civil or military life, are grand tactics. During a recent visit to Rostock, returning home late one night, he was unable to find his way to his lodgings. He thought over various schemes for finding out the road without betraying who he was, and at last hit upon the following device: He went up to a man who appeared to be a native of the town, and inquired, in the broad local dialect of the neighborhood, "Can you tell me where Count MOLTKE is staying?" "That I can," replied the man, in the same tone; "he is staying in the large house opposite the school in the next street to this." "Yes," returned the count, "that's just what I thought myself;" and he returned to his lodgings delighted with the success of his stratagem. It is not generally known that forty years ago, being then thirty-five years old, MOLTKE, while traveling in Turkey, was brought to the notice of Sultan MAHMOUD, who desired his advice as to the reorganization of the Turkish army. He remained ten years in the Sultan's service, and brought it to a high degree of efficiency.

—An old Jewish rabbi named BAAR, formerly resident in Washington, has been made the unexpected recipient of a small fortune. Some years ago, while living in Liverpool, where he was highly esteemed by all Jews and Gentiles who knew him, he became acquainted with a Christian lady of large wealth, who admired his learning and talents, and especially his nobleness of character. Not long since this lady died, and although many years had elapsed since Dr. BAAR had left England, she did not forget him; in her last will she testified her admiration of his generous and unselfish life by bequeathing to him $20,000. Dr. BAAR is at present living in New Orleans, where he is greatly beloved.

—When Mr. DISRAELI is at his country-seat at Hughenden he lives almost alone, and his visitors are very few. His time is chiefly spent alone in his study, in the attic of the house. To those who have read in his novels detailed descriptions of gorgeous apartments, it may seem strange that the Premier should be content with the very modest style in which his own library is furnished. It is in the attic, and has nothing in common with the late Lord LYTTON'S study at Knebworth, or CHARLES DICKENS'S library at Gadshill. Common deal shelves are filled with miscellaneous books arranged in no particular order. A worn carpet barely covers the old deal floor, while the desk and writing appliances are of the most ordinary description. Here he passes most of his time, when at Hughenden, in reading and writing, and here he has rehearsed his great speeches.

—The Duke of Abercorn, the present Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and one of the finest-looking peers of Great Britain, is the original of the head of the "Brentham family" in DISRAELI'S *Lothair*, and is sketched without extravagance from life. DISRAELI says: "The duchess, one of the greatest heiresses of Britain, singularly beautiful, and gifted with native grace, had married in her teens one of the wealthiest and most powerful of our nobles, and scarcely older than herself. Her husband was as distinguished for his appearance and his manners as his bride; and those who speculate on race were interested in watching the development of their progeny, who in form and color and voice and manner and mind were a reproduction of their parents, who seemed only the elder brother and sister of a gifted circle. The daughters, with one exception, came first, and met the same fate. After seventeen years of a delicious home, they were presented and immediately married, and all to personages of high consideration....They were all alike, with their delicate aquiline noses, bright complexions, short upper lips, and eyes of sunny light....The duke, though still young, and naturally of a gay and joyous temperament, had a high sense of duty and strong domestic feelings. He was never wanting in his public place, and he was fond of his wife and children; still more, proud of them. Every day when he looked into the glass, and gave the last touch to his consummate toilet, he offered his grateful thanks to Providence that his family was not unworthy of him."

—A very remarkable little treatise was privately circulated a year or two since called *The Anæsthetic Revelation*, which called forth the warm and sympathetic praise of TENNYSON and the famous English metaphysician JAMES HUTCHINSON STERLING, and which Mr. EMERSON called masterly. The author was Mr. BENJAMIN PAUL BLOOD, of Amsterdam, New York, who has now ready for delivery a Lyceum lecture, called the "Duplex Mystery, or the Relation of Jesus to the Results of Greek and German Thought." It is a philosophical discourse, and Professor TAYLER LEWIS, of Union College, says of it: "I differ widely from Mr. BLOOD on important particulars, but this does not prevent me from seeing in him a man of genius. His lecture, seen from the young man's stand-point, is a splendid thing, and I think his delivery of it commensurate with its merits." Professor LEWIS does not use words carelessly, and few men new to the platform have so warm commendation as Mr. BLOOD.

—The name of CLARA BARTON is still gratefully remembered among those of the most devoted patriotic women of the war. Living in Washington before it began, she saw its coming, and fitted herself for the hospital duties which she performed at the risk of life and at the cost of health. At the close of the war she gave herself to the task of ascertaining the site of the graves of prisoners who died at Andersonville and elsewhere, and conducted an enormous correspondence upon the subject, Congress appropriating $15,000 to aid her in the work. In 1868 her failing health drove her to Europe, where two years later she rose from her sick-bed to serve in the hospitals and upon the battle-fields of the French and German war. She returned to this country still an invalid, and is now living in retirement at New England Village, in Massachusetts, whence she sent a touching little poem to the late reunion of the old Massachusetts Twenty-first. They could well have answered her, "Absent, but not forgotten."

—The first child named after GEORGE WASHINGTON was the son of NATHANIEL APPLETON, an ancestor of the present Boston APPLETONS, who was christened in October, 1775. His grandfather, Rev. Dr. NATHANIEL APPLETON, of Cambridge, was the second to receive the degree of D.D. from Harvard, in 1771, his predecessor being INCREASE MATHER.

—The genuine old original "Uncle Sam" was SAM WILSON, of Troy, New York, who used to brand his fish barrels, in filling army contracts in 1812, "U. S.," to stand, as he said, for Uncle Sam, his *sobriquet*. A nephew of Uncle SAM, JOSEPH A. WILSON, has just removed to Newburyport, Massachusetts, after a long life in Troy.

—Mr. GLADSTONE, in reference to certain rumors about himself, says that "there is not a word of truth in the statements, 1, that I have received a proposal from Turkey in respect to its finances; 2, that I have made any declaration on the subject of the political future other than was announced to the world eighteen months ago; 3, that I have written about the Church of England in the *New Church Quarterly Review* or elsewhere. I have written an article in that review respecting the Church and State question in Italy, which contains some (I think) interesting information on the subject of patronage and popular election of clergy."

—Mr. W. F. GILL, of Boston, possesses the original MS. of POE'S poem of "The Bells." The handwriting is very handsome, and clear as print.

—The Marquis of Waterford is said to have offered a railway company $25,000 if they would allow him to witness the exciting spectacle of two engines dashing into one another at full speed from opposite directions on the same line. The offer was declined. The Aire and Calder Navigation Company, being of more sportive temper, backed one of their "compartment screw steamboats" against the most powerful of an opposing company's tug-boats. Each steamer was to be attached to the other by powerful hawsers, and at a given signal the two, with full steam on, were to start in opposite directions, to test which possessed the stronger towing power. Hundreds of spectators assembled on the banks of the Humber to witness the novel struggle, and betting generally ruled in favor of the compartment boat. But on the two being started, the tug-boat at once showed herself the stronger, and, after a smart tussle, succeeded in towing the compartment boat a distance of upward of one hundred yards. It is clear that we shall soon have to add to our popular sports the interesting one of steam athletics.

—Mr. ALEXANDER COLLIE, the famous London merchant who lately failed for a few odd millions and fled, owing to certain absurd prejudices held against him by his creditors, had a festive season of it when he was in good repute, especially in his dining-room. He had chairs that were chairs. These were lately sold at auction, and brought $400 each, their original cost being $1000 each. They were of ebony, inlaid, and were deemed the nattiest things to sit upon that were known in that metropolis.

—General DI CESNOLA, American consul at Cyprus, has made an interesting discovery at Episkopi, the ancient Curium, where, in opening an old grave near the port of Limassol, he has found various articles of highly wrought metal. Among these there is a golden sceptre, a golden necklace of great beauty, and a couple of gold bracelets inscribed in characters which appear to be ancient Cyprian. It is understood that General DI CESNOLA intends to send the whole of his valuable "find" to America.

—Ten years ago JOHN MACKEY was a mining laborer in Virginia City at four dollars a day. To-day he has a larger income than any other single individual in America, and if his wealth continues to accumulate as it has for the last two years, his fortune will rival that of the richest ROTHSCHILD. He owns three-fifths of the mining properties of FLOOD, O'BRIEN, MACKEY, and FAIR. The firm own 66,000 shares of Consolidated Virginia stock, on which they declare a monthly dividend of ten dollars a share. MACKEY'S share of this is $396,000 a month. Of stock in the California mine they own 60,000 shares. The first monthly dividend of ten dollars is to be declared in November, and this will add to Mr. MACKEY'S income $360,000 a month. The other mines that the firm control pay no dividends, but they yield a large revenue to the firm in ways more indirect. For instance, the firm own all the wood used in their working, both for fuel and for timbering, and they sell it to the companies at an immense profit. The Savage, Hale and Norcross, and Gould and Curry all crush more or less ore, and this is done in the firm's mills at a cost of thirteen dollars a ton. The yield of silver being scarcely enough to pay the cost of both mining and crushing, assessments are levied to make up the deficiency. The firm's income from this source and from crushing the ore of the Consolidated Virginia, which is also done in their own mills, is estimated at $50,000 a month, of which put Mr. MACKEY down for $30,000. The whole of his income from all sources is estimated at $831,000 a month, or nearly $10,000,000 a year. He is the most modest and retiring of all of the California millionaires.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE steam-ship *Pacific*, plying between San Francisco and Portland, Oregon, collided with another vessel and sank in deep water, November 4. Of all on board, numbering over 200, only three are known to have been saved. Several dead bodies were picked up.

The steamer *City of Waco*, of the Mallory line, was burned to the water's edge in Galveston Harbor November 9. None of the passengers or crew have been picked up, and it is feared that all are lost.

The Oceanic House, at Star Island, one of the Isles of Shoals, was burned to the ground on the 11th, together with most of the cottages on the island. The total loss is estimated at $200,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

AN explosion of fire-damp occurred in the Marinhaye Colliery, in Seraing, Belgium, on the 11th, killing forty-two persons and injuring many others.

Eight hundred Spanish soldiers sailed for Cuba on the 10th, and 5000 more are preparing to embark.

Cardinal M'Closkey assisted at the Commencement of the Roman Catholic University at Dublin on the 11th. He was presented with an address, to which he replied that the establishment of a Catholic university there was an example for America and all other countries.

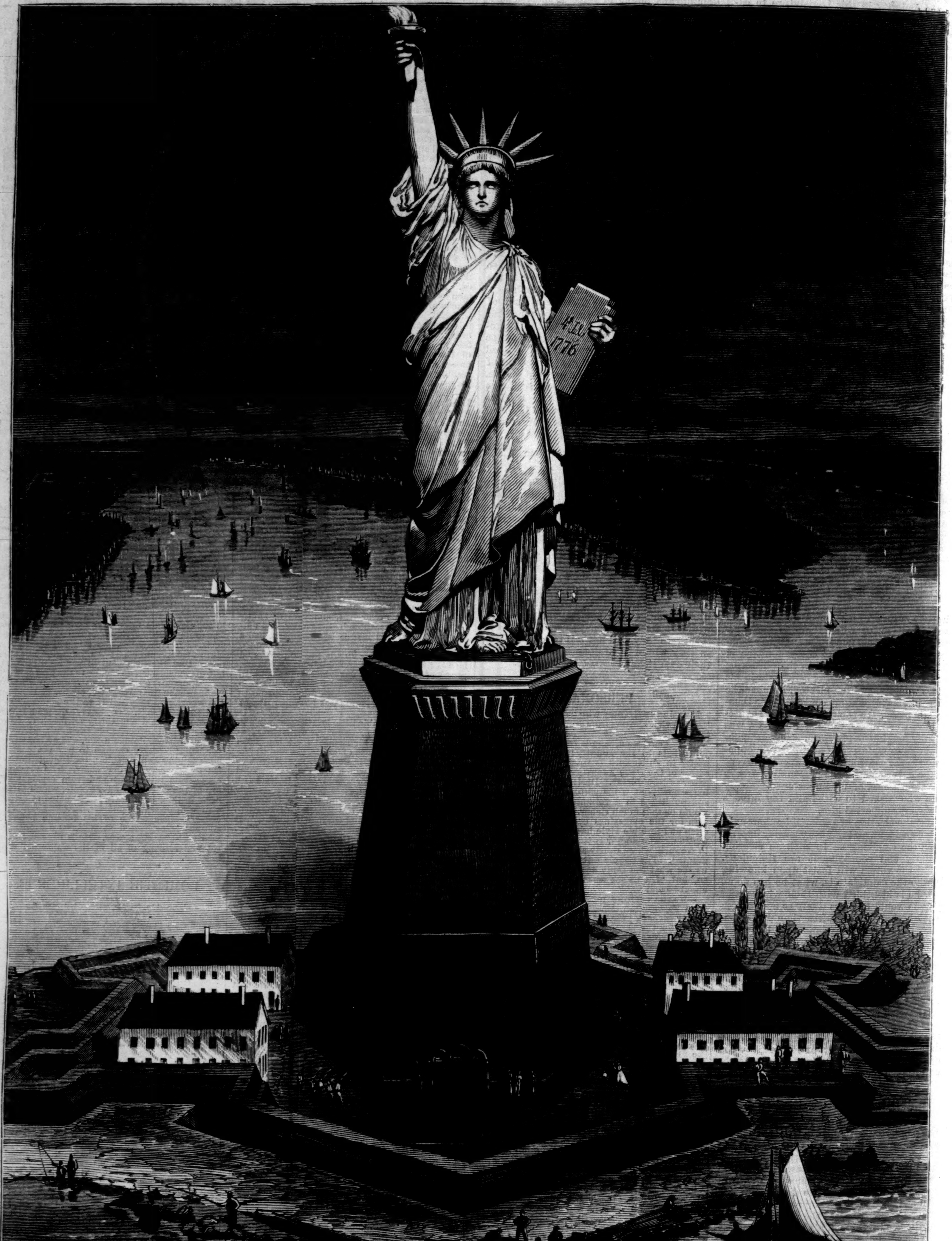
The French Minister of Finance has informed the committee of the Assembly that the revenue since the commencement of the present year is $22,000,000 in excess of the estimates.

The French Assembly on the 9th, by a vote of 507 yeas to 26 nays, adopted the amendment to the Electoral Bill enabling half-yearly residents to vote, in accordance with an agreement with the government committee. On the 11th the clause of the Electoral Bill which prescribes the method of voting for members of the Assembly was warmly discussed, and finally carried in favor of elections by districts instead of on a general ticket. M. Gambetta's journal, commenting on the vote, declares it to be reactionary, and says that though beaten, it does not despair.

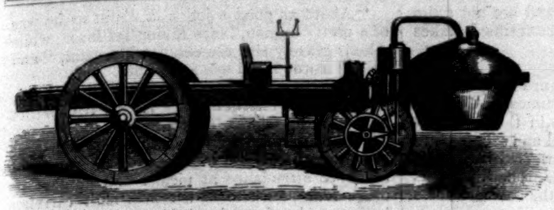
The Prussian Federal Council has voted the increased army estimates, and also 100,000 marks for the Strasburg University.

Servia has withdrawn her troops from the frontier, and countermanded the order to the militia to proceed thither, on account of the withdrawal of the Turkish troops. The Porte has ordered the districts of Trebigne, Biletz, and Pina to be detached from Herzegovina and organized as a separate department, which will be placed under an Armenian Greek Governor.

The crew of the British ship *Lennie*, from Antwerp to New York, mutinied when off the island of Oléron, and murdered the captain, mate, and boatswain.



PROJECTED STATUE OF LIBERTY FOR NEW YORK HARBOR.—[See Article, "France and America," Page 969.]

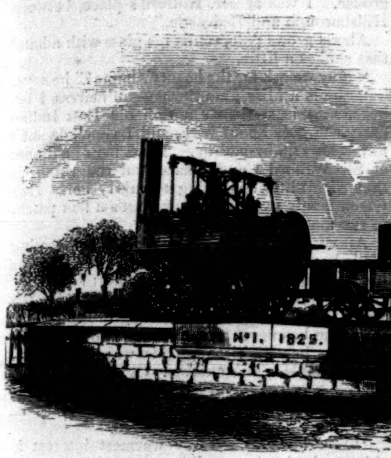


CUGNOT'S ENGINE, 1767.

THE FAST MAIL-TRAIN.

THE illustrations on this page present a remarkable contrast. Here are the earliest attempts, clumsy and rude, to construct the iron steed which has brought about so marvelous a revolution in modes of travel within the present century; and here is also a picture of one of the most perfect specimens of mechanical skill that ever came from the hands of the artisan, Engine 110. The performances of this engine are so remarkable that she—engines, like ships, are always of the feminine gender—deserves to have her portrait in *Harper's Weekly*, and to have the story of her exploits told.

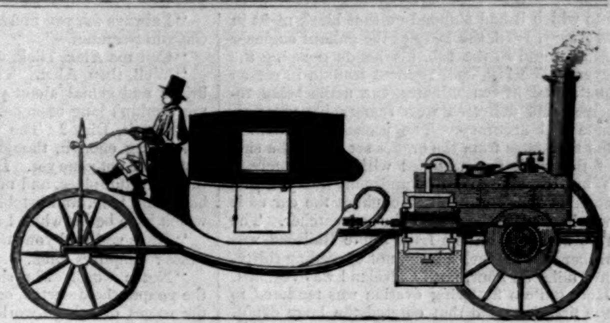
The experiment of running a Sunday newspaper train between New York and Niagara Falls, a distance of more than four hundred and seventy miles, in eleven hours, for nine consecutive Sundays, was carried out successfully last summer. The average rate of speed was about fifty miles an hour, more than an hour being lost in stoppages and other detentions on the route. On several occasions Engine 110, which drew the train from Syracuse to Buffalo, attained the astonishing speed of sixty-five, seventy, and seventy-five miles an hour. It must be confessed that the railroad officials at first viewed this experiment with some feelings of uneasiness and trepidation; but discovering that with stanch engines, plucky engineers, and steel rails there was not the slightest increase over the ordinary dangers of railroad traveling, the fast train became very popular. The first trip was probably the most interesting, as on it mainly depended the success of the experiment.



THE No. 1 ENGINE AT DARLINGTON, 1825.

It was on the morning of Sunday, the Fourth of July, the hour half past two. At the Grand Central Dépôt was gathered a party of ladies and gentlemen, numbering about one hundred, awaiting the opening of the doors to take their seats on a train that had just backed down on the Hudson River Railroad track. This train consisted of an engine, No. 70, with tender, a baggage car, in which a dozen men, stripped to the waist, were folding papers and arranging them for the various points on the route, and also for the far West, and there were also two passenger-cars. It was the inauguration of fast railroad traveling, as it is now known on the grand trunk lines. The experiment was particularly hazardous, considering the peculiar conformation of the Hudson River Railroad, so full of curves, tunnels, and rock cuts. It was not likely to inspire confidence, even in the most experienced traveler. An old grizzled engineer, Captain NAT SAWYER, was in charge of the engine. As soon as the *Herald* wagon had arrived at the dépôt, and had deposited its load of papers, for which the train was waiting, in the baggage car, the conductor, ED LOWERY, swung his lantern, SAWYER pulled the throttle-valve, and the train started. The long bloused form of the engineer stretched along the seat on the right of the cab, his dark eyes peering out into the circle of light thrown forward by the head-light of the locomotive, his hand on the air-brake lever; the rush of the train through the Fourth Avenue tunnels; the gradual increase of speed, until the rails in front seemed to take on an incandescent form; the dash across Harlem Bridge; then skirting the boundaries of Westchester County; the quiver of the iron monster when the speed of a mile a minute was attained—all made up an experience which can not easily be forgotten by the one that rode on that eventful morning on the locomotive.

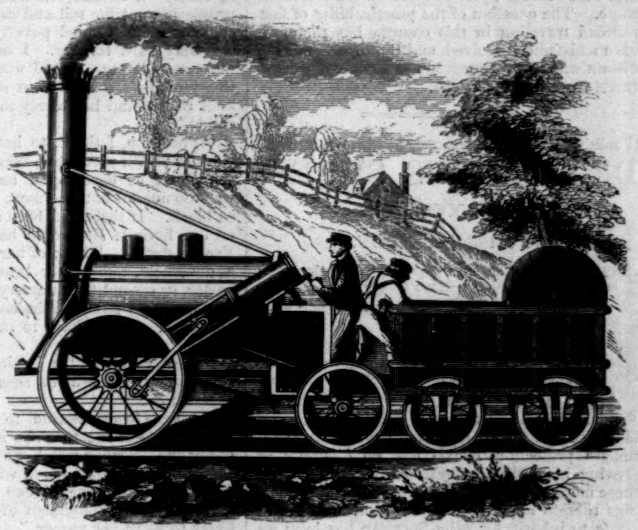
The speed increased constantly, until the lights on the road and on the river seemed to be blended into one coruscating gleam. On the platform of the rear car sat a news agent flinging out bundle after bundle of papers with unerring accuracy. He had to calculate for the wind of the train; otherwise half the bundles would have been deposited in the river.



SYMINGTON'S MODEL STEAM-CARRIAGE, 1786.

At Albany some time was lost, and when the train reached Syracuse it was over half an hour behind time. Here were met JEM WOODS and his engine, No. 110. A description of this engine, which has proved itself the model locomotive of the United States, will be of interest.

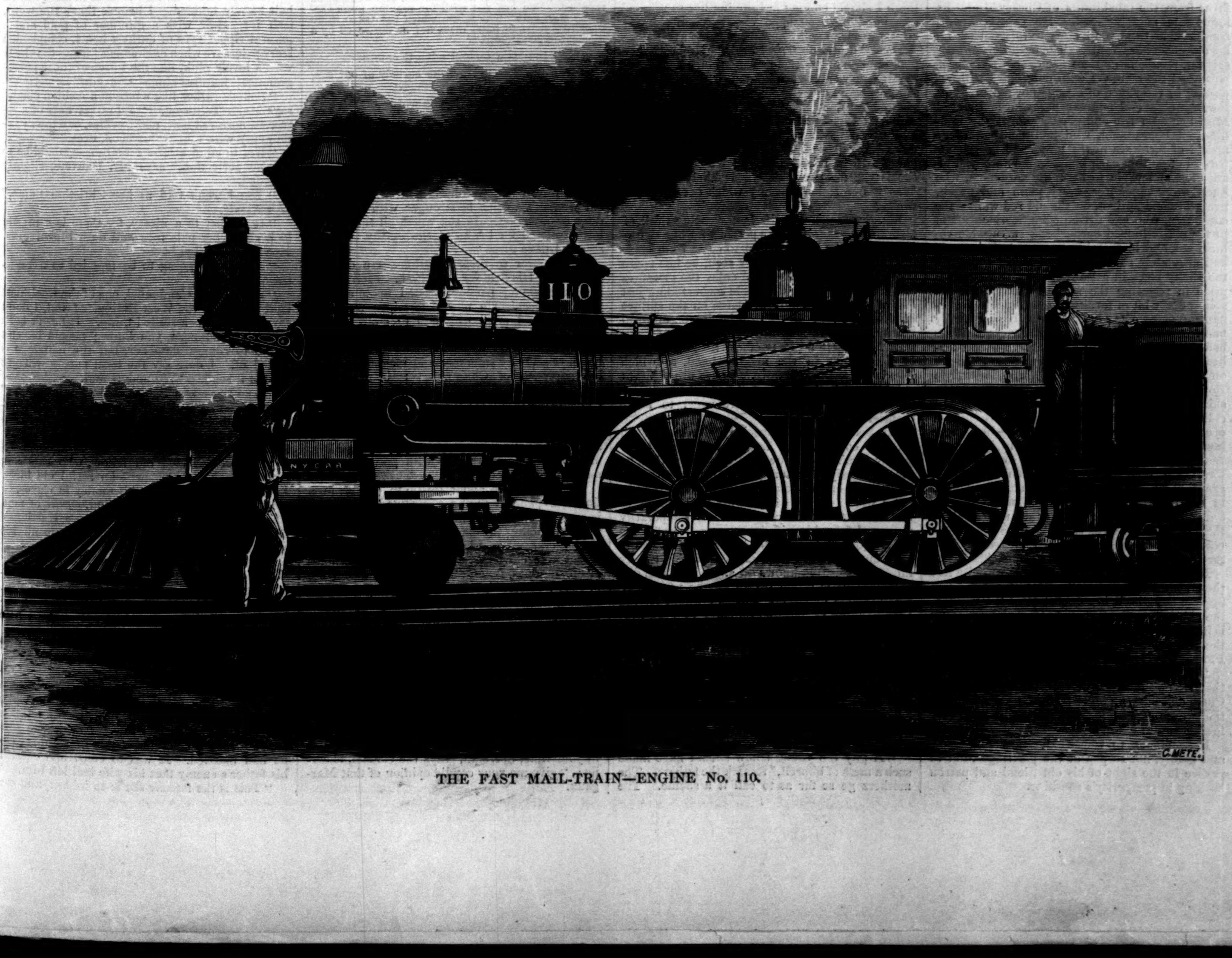
Engine 110 was built by MR. WATKEYS at Syracuse over a year ago. Her dimensions are as follows: cylinders, 17 inches diameter; stroke, 24 inches; driving-wheels, 6 feet 1 inch diameter; link motion for valve gear, $5\frac{1}{2}$-inch throw to eccentrics; steam ports, 18 inches long by $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch wide; lap of valve, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches; exhaust nozzle, $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches. A prettier and a faster engine was never placed upon any track. The engineer, JEM WOODS, is over forty years of age, and has been twenty-three years in the service of the New York Central Railroad Company. He is rather shy and reticent, and thinks only of doing his duty faithfully. He is entirely devoted to his engine, and on one occasion expressed his desire that the *Herald* train would be at least three-quarters of an hour behind time, so that he could "give his pet a chance to show herself."



THE "ROCKET," 1829—THIRTY MILES AN HOUR.

On this Fourth of July he certainly demonstrated to an alarming extent the speed of this wonderful locomotive. He not only made up lost time, but he brought the train into Buffalo five minutes ahead of his schedule. There were "spurts" of seventy-five miles an hour, during which all conversation was suspended. The cars swayed, and the current of air produced by the train seemed like a tornado. People who were walking on the track far ahead did not content themselves by merely moving aside, but climbed the fences on either side of the road, and many a terrified face glanced at the flying train from a ditch or a hill beyond the limits of the railroad. The country people who congregated at the various stations to see the train flash by were obliged to crouch against doorways and behind boxes, lest the wind of the train should catch them in its deadly embrace. One remarkable feature about Engine 110 is that never during the nine Sundays on which it took the *Herald* train from Syracuse to Buffalo was it subject to heated journals, while every other engine suffered from that complaint. This can only be accounted for by the perfection of its mechanism.

The first fast mail-train on the New York Central and Lake Shore railroads, which to many appeared as a natural result of the example set by a New York journal, had a very remarkable trip on September 16. There were four mail-cars, named after four Governors of States, and a palace-car for invited guests. The rate of speed averaged about fifty miles an hour. The engine which took the train from the Grand Central Dépôt (No. 57) was the one on which poor "Doc" SIMMONS met his fate some years ago at the fatal New Hamburg bridge, near Poughkeepsie. It was raised out of the ice-bound creek



THE FAST MAIL-TRAIN—ENGINE No. 110.

into which it had plunged on that bleak night in February, 1872, the body of the gallant engineer being found in the cab, his hands grasping the lever. The fast mail reached Buffalo in eleven hours and fifteen minutes, the mails being received and delivered with remarkable promptitude and accuracy. The process of catching the mail-bags from the cranes set up on the side of the track was watched with much interest. When the mail-sack was unusually heavy, a perceptible shock was felt throughout the car as it was hooked on the arm of the iron catcher. The rate of speed on the Lake Shore Railroad was rather slow for such a train, not exceeding thirty-five miles an hour, until Cleveland was reached. Here quite a flattering ovation was tendered to the first fast mail that entered the huge dépôt. Thousands of people were present, and their cheers were deafening as the train steamed into the dépôt. At Sandusky, Ohio, a choral society stood around the engine and sang "Old Hundred." The engineer who took the train from this point to Chicago brought back reminiscences of JEM WOODS by the amazing bursts of speed which he made during the night, at times running more than a mile a minute. He fainted on entering the Michigan Southern Dépôt at Chicago, the result, probably, of nervous prostration after the exciting ride from Sandusky. The fast mail-trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad have met with success equal to those on the Northern route. The question of the practicability of fast railroad traveling in this country has therefore been satisfactorily solved, and the time is not far distant when San Francisco will be only five days' travel from the metropolis.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "A STRANGE WORLD," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

STARTLING INFORMATION.

AIDED by Messrs. Gull and Sharpe, of the Fields, who put all things in train for him, and take him under their parchment wing with affectionate protection, Alexis has no difficulty in proving his right to Cheswold Grange, and all those messages and tenements and various holdings thereto appertaining. It is a comfortable estate to inherit, for Miss Secretan has been an admirable woman of business, and has managed every thing with fostering care which has beautified and enriched all it touched. The land—save five-and-thirty acres of home farm, park-like pasturage all of it—is let on long leases to tenants who are contented with their holdings and do not grudge labor or money on improvements. The gardens, the house, the stables, need only a little care to restore them to that perfection of elegant precision and gracious order which distinguished them during Miss Secretan's lifetime. Alexis takes a singular mode of restoring things, and one which wins him much favor from the inhabitants of Cheswold and its immediate neighborhood. He contrives, with considerable trouble to himself, to get back all his cousin's old servants. The butler, or in-door servant, pompous as the ruler over a retinue of powdered footmen, yet with only one small underling in the shape of a knife-boy; Mrs. Bodlow, the cook and housekeeper, who had served Miss Secretan five-and-twenty years; the middle-aged house-maid, who had polished every article of furniture in the low-ceiled bed-chambers so often that each had become an object of affection and pride to her; the gardeners, who knew every apple-tree, every plum and peach, nectarine and apricot, on the old red walls; the coachman, who had driven Miss Secretan about in the old-fashioned barouche, a serviceable vehicle yet, and in the old green pony-chaise, and had ultimately subsided into drawing her along the shady lanes in a Bath-chair. Alexis felt a pride in restoring the scattered household—in seeing every bit of furniture, every quaint old ornament, assume its proper place. How intensely had Matilda Secretan studied the fitness of things before she so placed them—the Chelsea shepherdess at this angle—the Wedgwood tea-pot on that shelf—that figure of Quin as Falstaff in Bow china to balance Kitty Clive in Worcestershire ware, and so on, to the end of the modest collection! Alexis remembers how his childish eyes had gloated on the old china—how those household treasures had seemed to him more beautiful than any thing he had ever seen before. He remembers the garden—the broad gravel-walk leading to a Dutch summer-house, in red brick, with stained glass windows—the orange-trees in square green tubs ranged along the closely shorn grass that had once served as a bowling-green. The place is very dear to him, for it recalls the happiest days of his childhood.

Before the elms in the avenue have quite lost their summer green, in the early days of a fine September, Alexis is established at the Grange, the old servants have come back, and every thing is in order. Full of delight in his new possessions, the master of Cheswold Grange invites Richard Plowden to come and shoot his partridges.

"They are my partridges," he adds, "though they feed on my tenants' corn for the most part. Come and have a pop at them, Dick," an invitation which startles Mr. Plowden, who has never fired a gun in his life.

Dick comes to Cheswold Grange, however, and gladly, not to pop at the partridges, but to rejoice in the sight of his old friend and patron basking in prosperity's sunshine.

"I always felt you must be born to good luck, Captain Secretan—"

"Call me Alex, Dick, or I shall hit you."

"Well, then, Alex. There was something so bright and genial about you. It seemed as if you couldn't long be under a cloud."

"Did it, Dick? The cloudy weather lasted quite long enough, though, old fellow, and the clouds are not gone yet. It's a hard thing to have this beautiful place, and not be able to bring my baby boy here, and establish him in the home which is to be his when I am dead and gone."

"Have you told your wife of your altered fortunes?" inquires Dick.

"Not a word. She shall know me only as the pauper she deserted, or I will at best own to the wages of a hard-working clerk. She shall come back to my poverty, Dick, if she and I are ever to be reunited—not to my wealth. How pretty she would look at the head of this table, by-the-way!"

They are lounging over their wine after dinner, the diamond-cut decanters reflected in the polished mahogany as in dark water, golden egg-plums from the western wall and peaches from the southern nestling among dark green leaves in heart-shaped dishes of old Derby china.

"Yes, I dare say," says Dick, more inclined to blame than praise the absent wife.

"You never saw her, Dick. A pity. She is so lovely—a woman created for happiness and prosperity, not for toil and care. And in marrying me she wedded poverty and sorrow. It was very hard for her. I ought to have been more considerate. Can I wonder that she grew weary of the struggle—that she tried to cut the knot that bound her to my misfortunes? Poor child!"

"Poor you, I think, to have wedded such a piece of selfish prettiness," says Dick.

"Don't be hard upon her, Dick. Fortune was too unkind in those days. The outlook was so black. If there had been a glimmer of hope on our horizon she would have staid with me, I've no doubt. Think of her now, drudging as a governess, hiding her beauty in some back parlor, or second-floor nursery—toiling for a pittance, while I enjoy all the comforts of this dear old place. That's hard to think of, isn't it, old fellow?"

"Merely retributive justice," answers Dick, sturdily. "But are you sure that she is a governess now?"

"I have every reason to suppose so. Her last letter tells me that she is on the high-road to fortune—fortune which she and I are to share. Taking this in conjunction with the information I got from her sister, I can only imagine that she is in the employment of some rich person likely to leave her money."

"Rather an ignoble position that," says Dick; "waiting for dead men's shoes."

Alexis sighs, and fills another glass of his cousin's well-kept La Rose.

"What are you going to do to find her?" asks Richard.

"I've put the business in the hands of a very clever man in London to whom my lawyers recommended me. In the abstract I hate the idea of a private inquiry office, but in my particular case I can't get on without one. My man is to find out Sibyl's whereabouts by hook or by crook. Once found, and face to face with her, I don't think I should be long in bringing her to reason. She must have changed very much if she has ceased to love me."

Dick ventures no reply to this. He has a very poor opinion of his friend's wife, thinks her stony-hearted, nay, almost inhuman, and in his idea Alexis Secretan's future happiness would be best secured by Sibyl's being kept at a distance. What could be sweeter than life in this old country-house, these fertile gardens, these park-like meadows? and why disturb the serenity of the atmosphere by bringing a woman here? The lovelier she is the more trouble she is likely to bring. Was it not Helen's beauty which overturned a world?

Mr. Secretan's new life is assuredly so full of pleasantness that if it were possible for him to forget the wife he has loved, or to cease from longing for the son he has never seen, he has cause enough to take his ease, and enjoy the pleasures of a tranquil mind. Cheswold seems to him just one of the most delightful places on the surface of this earth. It is set in a landscape of rural beauty, fertile, luxuriant, like a picture of Constable's. There is plenty of sport. A good pack of fox-hounds in the neighborhood, to which Alexis subscribes liberally. There are pleasant neighbors, who hasten to call upon the inheritor of Cheswold Grange, and are eager to make themselves useful.

Mr. Secretan finds himself received with such peculiar cordiality by fathers and mothers of goodly families of grown-up daughters that he takes an early opportunity to let it be known that he is that worst of detrimentals, a husband without a wife. He tells one of his new friends, in the strictest confidence, that he is temporarily separated from his wife in consequence of some family quarrel, but he hopes for reunion before very long, and in a week every body within twenty miles of Cheswold knows all about it. The disappointment is rather severe for the parents of marriageable daughters, some of whom having been hanging rather long on hand, like the winter pears on the wall. Mr. Secretan is not a great catch in the matrimonial market, of course. A pretty old house and grounds and from fifteen hundred to two thousand a year. A very moderate alliance, but a comfortable and a respectable one, think the anxious parents. And then Miss Secretan has always ranked high among her neighbors. There is an odor of sanctity about the Grange.

"A pity the young fellow should have made such a mess of himself," remark the fathers. The mothers go so far as to call it a shame. The daughters feel a sense of loss, and are not quite so amiable to Mr. Secretan the next time he takes them in to dinner.

Old friends whom he has known in his brief summer of youthful extravagance find him out and rejoice in his restored fortunes. A couple of old brother officers crop up in the neighborhood. Colonel Churton, settled and sobered into a country gentleman, great in the cultivation of mangle and turnips; Major Tollinson, who breeds prize cattle, which help to eat the colonel's roots—these are full of warmest friendliness.

It seems to Alexis as if he had never been poor. He has spent some of his cousin's accumulated cash in the payment of his debts—debts of honor and tradesmen's bills have alike been repaid, with five per cent. interest in every case. There is now no one living who can say he has lost money by Alexis Secretan.

"What a pleasant feeling it is, Dick!" says Alexis, as he pockets the last receipt, with sincere thanks. "I really feel as if I had only just reached my proper number of inches, as if I had been half a head shorter than I ought to be for the last six years. There is a springiness in my step, too. Ah, Dick, this is the real worth of money—'the glorious privilege of being independent.'"

Alexis has settled down comfortably in the rooms he has chosen for himself, and begins to feel as if he had lived at the Grange all his life by the time the first frosts sparkle on the grass, and the leaves fall fast from the good old trees, and lie thick in grove and glade, despite of gardeners and wheelbarrows. He has put up new book-shelves in the library, where Miss Secretan's favorite poets and divines, in neat calf or vellum bindings, make but a small appearance, and has filled them with the books he loves, a truly cosmopolitan collection. He has bought himself a couple of clever hunters, and a useful covert hack, which he can also drive in a dog-cart. He has shot over the stubbles and in the preserves of his noble neighbor, Lord Starborough, and has had two or three good runs with the Wicherly Vale fox-hounds. He has made a large circle of new acquaintances, and renewed several old friendships. But in all this time he has had no tidings of Sibyl.

He has, it is true, received numerous letters from the private inquiry office, some promising speedy success, others asking some questions of detail which might help to confirm a suspicion or establish its falsehood, some declaring that the inquirer is on the right track. But the result has been failure. So far private inquiry has effected nothing.

Despairing of ever succeeding by this means, Alexis inserts an advertisement, which he means to be his final appeal to his obdurate wife.

"Dixon Street, Chelsea.—I refuse to write to you through the faithful servant in L—— Street. I consider such indirect communication degrading to you and to me. I have no sympathy with your schemes. I refuse any share in fortune so won. I claim you by my sacred right as your husband. You need not fear starvation, or even the pinch of poverty. I have obtained employment which will enable me to keep wife and child in decent comfort. Come back, and be assured of my fondest affection. Prolong our separation, and it may become eternal."

This advertisement was quickly answered by another, beginning with the watch-word, Dixon Street:

"Wait and hope. A little patience and we shall be reunited. You can not wish for reunion more earnestly than I do. The fabric which has taken more than two years to build must not be destroyed by a moment of impatience."

Alexis inserts a second advertisement.

"Dixon Street.—Give me the custody of our son, and I will be content."

To which the answer is one word—

"Impossible."

On this, Mr. Secretan loses temper, and love gives way to resentment.

"Heartless, inexorable!" he says to himself. "She loves money better than she loves me. The sordid desire to inherit some weak-minded old woman's wealth is stronger with her than duty or affection. Is she worth all the pain I have suffered for her? Is she worthy the constancy I have given her?"

The answer to these questions is a decided negative. His love for his wife has been a foolish, unreasoning passion, wasted upon an unworthy object. He now determines to forget that cold and cruel wife, and to enjoy all the pleasures of his new position; and in the various employments and engagements of country life his days glide by smoothly and pleasantly, until the approach of Christmas. It is now three years since Sibyl left him. He dines with Colonel Churton one bright frosty evening, just a week before the great festival. The colonel's spacious old house, Longley Mead, is full of guests, military and civil, young people, middle-aged people, elderly people, pretty girls with portly mothers and portlier fathers.

They sit down, about thirty, to dinner, in a fine oak-paneled dining-room, and the board is a merry and noisy one. Quiet flirtation is going on doubtless in some quarters under cover of the general talk and laughter, the cross-firing of respectable old jokes, the remarkable anecdotes of horses, dogs, foxes, and birds; the discussion of that last troublesome case at petty sessions, and a good deal more genuine county talk. The banquet is long and splendid; but at last the ice puddings have made their round, the liqueurs have followed the fairy goblets, golden-starred. The hot-house grapes have been admired, and the ladies have left the ruder sex to draw up to the host's end of the long table and enter upon that serious discussion of the merits of various ports and Bordeaux which appears to afford so much delight to the masculine mind.

"You used to be a pretty good judge of claret in your time, Secretan," says the colonel, cheerily; "give me your candid opinion of that Margaux."

"About as good a judge of claret as he was of a pretty woman," says Major Tollinson, while Alexis gravely sips the château Margaux, "and he had a wonderful eye for beauty."

"Oh, come now," remonstrates the colonel, "Secretan was never a ladies' man. He left that kind of thing to you, Tollinson."

"Oh, I grant that he was too lazy a beggar to play croquet on a blazing July afternoon, or to dance attendance at picnics or tea-fights, or make himself useful at a school feast carrying baskets of buns and jugs of boiling tea. But he was a great admirer of the sex, for all that, and at a county ball he always got the most dances with the prettiest women."

"A nice clean wine," says Alexis, ignoring these remarks.

"Talking of pretty women," says a young man who sits furthest from the host, "I think I had the pleasure of meeting one of the prettiest girls you could ever hope to see down in Yorkshire the week before last."

The word Yorkshire catches the ear of Alexis. So large a county must needs be rich in female beauty; but he remembers that Redcastle is in Yorkshire, and thinks of Sibyl. Or perhaps it is that instinct which in some moments of our lives warns us that some word vital to our interests is about to be spoken.

"Plenty of pretty women in Yorkshire," says the host, incuriously. "How did you find the grouse this year, Danvers? You were staying somewhere near the moors, I suppose?"

"No; I was in rather a poor country for grouse. I was at Mr. Holford's place, between Hillsborough and Redcastle."

Alexis grows pale, refills his glass with a hand that shakes a little.

"May we ask for the beauty's name?" he says.

"She is a Miss Faunthorpe—an heiress, I believe. At least there's a rich old East Indian party she goes about with, and I conclude she's to have his tin by-and-by. I met her at a dinner at Sir Wilford Candonnel's, and the rumor is that Sir Wilford is going to marry her. He's uncommonly sweet upon her, that's a fact patent to the meanest comprehension."

Alexis tries to check the tumultuous beating of his heart; tries to steady himself and compose his countenance, and by a great effort succeeds.

Why should this be his false wife? asks the voice of reason. Sibyl has a grown-up sister whom he has never seen, a sister who may be as lovely as herself, although his wife had always disparaged Marion's charms. Or this Miss Faunthorpe may belong to some other family—nay, must so belong, since she is spoken of as an heiress.

"You have roused my warmest interest in this Yorkshire beauty," he says, with assumed languor. "Could you not draw upon your powers so far as to describe her to us?"

"Yes, by all means. Indulge us with a little word-painting; give us a verbal photograph of your beauty," says Colonel Churton.

"Who can describe the indescribable?" exclaims Mr. Danvers, pleased at having made himself the object of general attention, after having languished in the shade during the earlier part of the entertainment.

"Picture to yourselves—"

"Oh, come, we want you to do the picturing."

"Imagine an oval face framed in dark brown hair loosely braided. I believe that's the word, isn't it? Hair with a glimmer of gold and a natural ripple, eyes of darkest hazel, complexion ivory pale, save when excitement flushes the cheek with a lovely pink, like the inside of those pomegranates; features almost Grecian."

"Sounds rather like a face in a fashion plate," says Major Tollinson. "I'd rather hear of a retroussé nose, red hair, and freckles, or a tawny little gypsy with murderous black eyes."

"Not to admire Miss Faunthorpe would be to despise perfection," says Mr. Danvers, slightly offended.

"You haven't told us her Christian name," says Alexis.

"It fits her to a nicety, for there is a mystic look about her pale face and dark brown eyes. Her name is Sibyl."

"And she is going to be married to a Yorkshire baronet?"

"Sir Wilford Candonnel, one of the wealthiest land-owners in the West Riding. Mind, I don't say the match is a settled thing. It hasn't been formally announced, you know; people haven't begun to congratulate her, but the marriage is talked of. I dare say the local papers will get hold of it soon. 'We understand,' etc."

"And there is a rich uncle in the question?" asked Alexis. He had recovered his self-command by this time, and makes the inquiry with the air of a man who only talks for the sake of keeping up the conversation.

"Yes, a shriveled old fellow, who eats any amount of Nepaul pepper—an artful old bird! Looks as if he had made his money in slaves, or opium, or something contraband. Sort of man who would have done well in Warren Hastings's time, when John Company had things all his own way in the East."

"Do you remember his name?"

"Let me see—hum—ha—er—er—Travers—no—rather an odd name. Trinder. No. Trenchard. Yes, that's it. Stephen Trenchard. Pretty niece called him sometimes Uncle Stephen, sometimes Uncle Trenchard."

"Stephen Trenchard," repeats Alexis, staring blankly at the tall épergne in front of him.

This is a shock he was not prepared for. Stephen Trenchard, his father's bitter enemy. The man whose arts disinherited him, Alexis, while yet unborn. The man whom his family religion had taught him to execrate. And it was this man's niece—a daughter of this detested race—he had married. It was to court and cherish his father's enemy that his wife had left him.

"This is the fortune she is to inherit, and we

are to share. This is the scheme of her life. It is for Stephen Trenchard's ill-gotten wealth I am to wait. It is for this that I am to be patient and trust her. And she shows herself so true to her trust that common rumor gives her to another man. It is time for me to make an end of this farce of fidelity."

CHAPTER XXVII.

TOWN-TALK.

BEFORE the close of the next day Alexis is once more in Redcastle. This time, however, he goes straight to the chief inn, or hotel, as it proudly called itself—the institution which supports and sustains the languishing spirits of the half dozen or so of idle young men who adorn Redcastle by their residence. The hotel affords them a porch or portico in which to lounge and gossip with one another, or, for want of more aristocratic company, with the landlord of the establishment, who appears to have nothing to do from morn to dewy eve but stand on his threshold and survey the varieties of life as presented by below Bar and the market-place, where a pedestrian may be seen to go by once in five minutes, and a vehicle of some description may be reckoned upon once in half an hour. Besides this portico or school of conversation, which is in a manner a free institution, the Coach and Horses furnishes its patrons with a bar in which to imbibe mild admixtures of soda-water and brandy, appetizing sherry and bitters, or the more economic refreshment of a glass of ale, while two lively bar-maids, gifted with a considerable power of repartee, stimulate the native youth to intellectual effort. On one side of the hotel is the billiard-room, where awful contests of skill go on under the shaded lamps, and money is won and lost. On the other side is the reading-room, where, besides a variety of useful information in the way of Bradshaw's guides, the county history, almanacs, and time-tables, the lounger may enjoy literature as fresh as the day before yesterday's *Evening Standard*, or a *Punch* not quite three weeks old.

At the Coach and Horses Alexis deposits his small valise this dark December evening at five o'clock, the universal tea-time among the burgesses and lower classes of Redcastle, the witching hour at which Mrs. Stormont and her friends discuss the morals and finances of their neighbors over harlequin cups of orange Pekoe. He has come to the hotel in order to draw breath before swooping down upon that false wife of his, and with a view, perhaps, to making himself better acquainted with the ground he stands upon. From Mr. Danvers he may have heard something less or something more than the truth. Here in the place she inhabits he is likely to make himself acquainted with the best or the worst that men and women can say of her.

He bitterly resents the falsehoods told him by Jenny Faunthorpe nearly six months ago. That instance of juvenile depravity is only a new proof of the bad blood that flows in the veins of the Trenchards. Alexis looks upon it as hereditary vice.

"They're all cold-hearted and false alike," he tells himself. "The man robbed my father of his rights, and wore a smooth face all the time, and pretended to be his friend. The child looks in my face and lies to me. Who could have suspected a child of such falsehood?"

Being set upon by an elderly waiter, and besought to order his dinner, Mr. Secretan expresses a provoking indifference to that meal. He will have any thing they like to give him in an hour's time. A private sitting-room? Yes, by all means, and a good fire. He will go for a walk while his dinner is preparing. And, by-the-way, which is Mr. Trenchard's house?

"Mr. Trenchard's house? Lancaster Lodge." The waiter mentions it with respect in his tone. "Straight up the street, Sir, and through the Bar. It is the third house on your left above Bar. You can't miss it, Sir. A noble-looking mansion with a lodge entrance, one of the finest houses in Redcastle."

Alexis strolls up the street in the winter dusk. Lamps gleam redly behind fan-lights, there is a rosy fire glow on some of the windows. The respectability of the scene strikes the stranger. It is so different from that dilapidated, untidy end of the town in which Dr. Faunthorpe's house is situated.

"So my wife has a rich uncle as well as a poor one; and she came back to her native town to pay her court to the rich man, not to seek a homely shelter with the poor one. And she knew that she was my enemy's niece, and had not candor or courage enough to tell me the truth. It suited her humor better to leave me in a sneaking fashion, and fasten herself on to the wealth of a scoundrel."

So muses the outraged husband as he walks up the street, and under the old Gothic archway. Yes, there is Lancaster Lodge, ponderous, gloomy—looking like a moneyed man's house. There is no gleam of light in the upper windows, and the wall hides the lower. A jail or a reformatory would look more cheerful.

"Is she happy within those walls?" he asks, "or is she like an enchanted princess shut up in a golden prison? She has bartered all things for the hope of wealth—honor, truth, affection—just as her uncle did before her."

He has no mind to lose much time before standing face to face with his wife, but he wishes first to hear what the towns-people have to tell about her. How much truth is there in that rumor of an intended marriage? how much encouragement has she given to her admirer? At the Coach and Horses they are likely to be well informed of all the local gossip, and at the Coach and Horses he intends to make his inquiries.

He is shown into a sitting-room, spacious enough for a party of twelve, and brilliantly illuminated. The number of glasses, various in color and shape, which adorn the dinner table might be taken to imply that he is expected to drink deeply of the Coach and Horses wine.

On receiving his modest order of a pint of claret, the waiter sweeps off Champagne and hock glasses in a low-spirited way, and relieves his disappointment with a faint cough.

The dinner is served in very good style, the elderly waiter receiving the dishes at the door from his subordinate, and sliding about the room stealthily as if he were attending to the wants of a dying traveler, whose ebbing breath he was appointed to watch.

Alexis dawdles over his fish, and dallies with his cutlet and tomato sauce.

"Do you see much of Mr. Trenchard?" he asks.

"Mr. Trenchard, Sir? No, Sir. Mr. Trenchard is a very reserved kind of gentleman. He is much sought after in Redcastle, and I believe he do attend a good many dinner parties among first-class people, but as to playing billiards in our room down stairs, or taking his glass of wine, or brandy-and-soda, he is quite the last kind of gentleman. Besides which, one may say that his age precludes that sort of thing, although we have older gentlemen than Mr. Trenchard in our billiard-room. But he has a very fine table of his own, you see, Sir; indeed, I may say he drawed off one of our best customers with his table. Young Mr. Stormont, which used to come here almost every evening, a poor player, but a genteel young man. Very much taken with Mr. Trenchard's niece he is, but there's not much hope for him in that quarter," adds the waiter, as he lowers the cover on the cutlet dish with a twirl of his arm like a movement in the broad-sword exercise.

"Why not?" asks Alexis.

"Because the young lady looks higher, Sir; as well she may, seeing that Mr. Frederick Stormont hasn't one sixpence to rub against another, as the saying is. Miss Faunthorpe is a beauty, Sir, a regular beauty; and she's been told of it often enough, I'll lay, to know how to set a right value on herself. And then the old gentleman's sure to leave her his money. He's adopted her, you see, Sir. There's other nieces down town, but this one's his fancy, and he's adopted her. Every body knows she's to come into all his money. And now they say Sir Wilford Candonnel's going to marry her, and she'll hold her head as high as any in the West Riding, for there isn't a finer gentleman than Sir Wilford between here and York."

"Who says that she is to be married to Sir Wilford?"

"Every body, Sir; it's town-talk. There's been plenty said about it down stairs in the billiard-room. They've chaffed young Mr. Stormont about it, and he do look uncommon miserable, poor young gentleman, when they go on at him, and tell him he's missed his chance with Miss Faunthorpe. 'And if you don't marry an heiress, whatever are you to do to get your living, Fred?' says they. 'Blest if I know,' says he. 'I'll tell you what, Fred,' says Mr. Staples, the Vet., 'you'll have to eat that horse of yours, or he'll eat you. It 'll come to that sooner or later, for you'll never be able to keep him.'

"'I'm afraid it will,' answers Mr. Stormont, as meek as a lamb."

Alexis is not warmly interested in the impression which Sibyl's intended marriage—or the rumor of such an intention—may have made upon Frederick Stormont. He is more concerned in its effect upon himself.

"And pray what kind of man is this Stephen Trenchard?" he asks, presently. "Is he liked in your town?"

"I don't know about liking," replies the waiter, dubiously; "the towns-people would hardly go to take such a liberty. He's very much looked up to."

"Does he or the young lady—this pretty niece of his—do much good in the place?"

"Mr. Trenchard subscribes to our local charities, Sir. Good, in the sense of district visiting, or Sunday-school teaching, or any thing in that line, the young lady does not do. Her position raises her above that, you see, Sir."

"I understand. Active benevolence of that kind occupies a lower level."

"Decidedly, Sir. Young persons who have less call upon their time can naturally devote themselves to school-teaching and such like. Miss Faunthorpe moves in the highest society—she visits a great deal. It would be quite out of the question—"

"That she should trouble herself about the welfare of her inferior fellow-creatures. Of course. Well, I'll go and call at Lancaster Lodge. It's rather late, but as a traveler I may be excused that informality."

"You know Mr. Trenchard, Sir?" exclaims the waiter, alarmed lest he should not have expressed himself carefully enough about the man, although he has echoed those accents of adulation which prevail in Redcastle whenever Stephen Trenchard is mentioned.

"My father knew him—intimately," replies Alexis.

It is between seven and eight when he rings the bell at the lodge-gate of Mr. Trenchard's mansion a fine winter's night. The stars are shining on lawn and plane-trees, shrubbery and empty flower beds, as the lodge-keeper shows Mr. Secretan the way to the solemn-pillared doorway.

Here a footman in livery, warned by the lodge-keeper's bell, receives the stranger. Very silent is the lamp-lit hall, where a bust of Socrates, on a porphyry pedestal, keeps company with a bust of Pitt the younger, on a column of malachite. Crimson cloth curtains hang before the tall doors, and keep the draught from the chilly East Indian.

"Is Mr. Trenchard at home?" asks Alexis; "and can I see him on particular business?"

He has come to this house determined to keep no bounds—to exercise a husband's authority to the uttermost, if that stretch of power be needed—to claim his wife from his father's deadliest foe, Stephen Trenchard. Scarcely worth the claiming, perhaps, with that false blood in her veins. But some remnant of the old faithful love still lingers in his breast. If she will come back to him, if she will surrender all hope of her uncle's ill-gotten wealth and come back to him, believing him still one of the humble toilers in life's great hive, he will take her back to his heart of hearts, and cherish her for all his life to come.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

NOVEMBER.

Sunday,	28.—First Sunday in Advent.
Tuesday,	30.—St. Andrew.

DECEMBER.

Sunday,	5.—Second Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	12.—Third Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	19.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Tuesday,	21.—St. Thomas.
Saturday,	25.—Christmas.
Sunday,	26.—First Sunday after Christmas—St. Stephen.
Monday,	27.—St. John the Evangelist.
Tuesday,	28.—Holy Innocents.

NOTHING better shows the profound impression made by Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY upon society than the judgments of the value of their work expressed by those who do not hold their opinions. The *Tablet*, of this city, says of Mr. MOODY that he affords, in "the midst of an age of mocking and unbelieving, a kind of earnest testimony to Jesus; and we can not find it in our heart to say it is not of God." The *Tablet*, as would be expected, guards its concession by the claim for its own Church of the sole possession of the truth, but it admits, nevertheless, that "it is something in cities where the divinity of Christ and His divine teaching are openly blasphemed, and where to the great bulk of the population the Christian religion is a matter of complete indifference, when it is not one of scorn, that their ears should be accustomed to words of adoration and love of Him, and that even the dreary wastes of heresy should echo with the name of Jesus.... This work of Mr. MOODY's is not sin. It can not be sin to invite men to love and serve Jesus Christ."

There is no abatement in the number of persons who crowd the Brooklyn Rink. Usually it has been necessary for those who desire admission to go an hour before the time of service. Special meetings have been held for laboring-men, for clerks (the latter at the Tabernacle), as late as 9 P.M. In whatever classes the people are invited to attend, they fill all the available space, and hundreds go away for lack of room. The effect of the preaching on the audiences is very apparent.

On Thanksgiving-day the corner-stone of a new Roman Catholic church will be laid in Lexington, Massachusetts. The site is directly opposite the monument erected in honor of the first martyrs of the Revolution, who were shot by the British soldiers in April, 1775. It is announced that the corner-stone will contain "some fragments of the walls of the Holy House of Nazareth," in which Christ lived, and also "some particles of the Holy Sepulchre and of the Sacred Cradle at Bethlehem." The church is to be dedicated to St. Bridget.

The fact here chronicled is notable, but the spirit in which all has been done is still more noteworthy. The fact is the expression of the confident expectation of Romanists to take possession of New England. The spirit of the parties interested can be gathered from the following comment of the *Catholic Review:* "A day or two ago some blatant Know-nothing reminded us that some injustice to Catholics would not be righted 'while as much of Plymouth Rock remained as would make a gun flint.' As things are going on, we do not fear that the day is distant when we shall carve Plymouth Rock into *our* arms—the rosary beads of the Catholics of New England: or rather shall we call it, as it promises to become with a better claim, New Ireland?"

Professor SWING, it is announced, will in January next sever his connection with the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Chicago. Not being now a member of the Presbytery, it was not practicable for him, without irregularity, to retain the pastorate of a Presbyterian church. He will organize an independent congregation.

The number of converts reported as the fruit of the meetings held by Messrs. WHITTLE and BLISS in St. Paul is three hundred.

An interesting question has lately been before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts in relation to the Old South Church, in Boston. The ground was given two hundred years ago by MARY NORTON to certain persons and their successors, "for the erecting of a house for their assembling of themselves to worship God, and for the accommodation of the meeting-house with convenient passages of ingress, egress, and regress for the people that shall from time to time assemble as aforesaid, and for no other intent, use, or purpose whatsoever." After the great fire the building was leased temporarily to the government, to be used as a post-office. The majority of the congregation have asked the court for authority to sell, notwithstanding the restriction in the deed of gift. The court refuses, unless it can be shown that a sale is necessary in order to carry out the purposes of the donor, and on this question of fact has ordered the taking of testimony.

The statistics of the Methodist Episcopal Church for 1875, which have just appeared, show a decided increase in nearly all departments. The number of bishops is 12; of Annual Conferences, 81; itinerant preachers, 10,923; of local preachers, 12,881, making the total of preachers 23,804. There are 1,384,352 full members and 196,407 probationers, which give an aggregate of 1,580,759 members. The total of church edifices is 15,633, valued at $71,353,234; there are 5017 parsonages, valued at $9,731,628. The Sunday-schools are 19,287, having 207,182 teachers and 1,405,168 scholars. The collections for charitable purposes show a total of $1,052,710.

The American Bible Society has taken very positive action with regard to the opening of the Centennial Exposition on Sundays. At a recent meeting of the Board of Managers the following preamble and resolution were adopted:

"*Whereas*, this society has accepted, with great pleasure, an invitation to become an exhibitor at the Centennial Fair, and is making preparation to occupy its allotted space by a becoming display of its productions and its work during its existence in the first century of the republic;

"*Resolved*, that in the judgment of this board, it would not be consistent with the Word of God, which we as a society exist to circulate, for us to participate in an exhibition which would, by its official action, set aside the precepts of the Divine Word and those human laws for the observance of the Christian Sabbath which have been enacted for the best interest of the state and the public welfare."

There are seventy Congregational churches in California, with 3581 members. Their property is valued at $434,256, against which there are debts to the amount of $104,355. The contributions during the year past for current expenses, church erection, and benevolent purposes were $157,502.

It is now announced that Mr. GLADSTONE declines to resume the leadership of the Liberal party of England, because he wishes to devote himself wholly to the conflict between Romanism and modern civilization. His appreciation of the importance of this conflict accords with the estimate long made of it by *Harper's Weekly*. Mr. GLADSTONE has just published in the *New Church Quarterly Review* an essay upon the duty of Italy to the Pope. He believes that Italy has made too many concessions to the Vatican. The English papers speak of the essay as one of great vigor.

At the General Christian Missionary Convention, which was held in Louisville October 19-21, the receipts for the year were reported to be over $60,000. It was determined to enter upon the work of foreign missions, and a plan of organization for that purpose was adopted. The Bible School for Colored Ministers, in Louisville, was reported to be doing well.

The Atlantic cable reports an abstract of the reply of the Vatican to the government of Spain in relation to religious toleration. The Vatican professes not to wish to embarrass the Spanish king, but insists that the demand of religious unity is made in the interest of the Spanish nation. "It is the duty," says the reply, "of the papacy to combat not civilization, which is brought forward as a pretext, but the corruption invading the hearts of nations. If, however, Spain, moved by extreme necessity, wishes to draw up an understanding on the same principles, under another form, the papacy is open to negotiation, with the object of introducing acceptable modifications into the Concordat." The reply is very paternal.

The Methodists of Chicago are circulating petitions requesting the Board of Education to restore the reading of the Bible in the public schools. The Methodist Preachers' Meeting of that city has adopted a resolution declaring that the removal of the Bible from the schools is unfavorable to the cause of Christian morality, and asking its restoration. In the Baptist Preachers' Meeting of Chicago an essay was read on November 8, by the Rev. Dr. ELLIS, approving of the exclusion of the Bible from the schools. The meeting appointed the Rev. Dr. EVERTS to prepare an essay in reply, and made the subject the order of the day for Monday, November 22.

It is reported that the managers of the Centennial Exposition have decided not to open the Exposition buildings on Sundays. The accuracy of the report is, however, doubted. The *Christian Statesman* says that the question is still before the Board of Finance, and that opinions in the board in relation to it are not harmonious.

The statistics of the Evangelical Association, better known as Albright Methodists, show an increase for the year of 4998 members. This body has now 779 preachers, 95,247 members, and 1244 churches, valued at $3,034,891. Its General Conference met in Philadelphia October 14.

The Second Church Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States began in the Musical Fund Hall, Philadelphia, Tuesday, November 9. Bishop WILLIAM B. STEVENS, of Pennsylvania, presided. There was a considerable representation of distinguished ministers and laymen of the Church present. In his opening address Bishop STEVENS traced the history of the Church Congresses from the first, held at Cambridge in 1861, to the present time. He expressed the opinion that if they had been held one hundred years ago, the WESLEYS would not have separated from the Church. The first essay, "On Ultramontanism and the Civil Authority," was read by Dr. FRANCIS WHARTON. A paper was also read on "Ministrations of the Church to the Working Classes." In the discussion of this subject the Rev. J. H. RYLANCE argued a relaxation of the rigorous use of the form of Common Prayer. He said, "Let us have short, hearty services, prayer-meetings, experience-meetings, and meetings for sacred song." Some disapprobation was expressed when these sentiments were uttered. The Congress was remarkable for the freedom with which the views of the speakers were expressed. There was a wide divergence of opinions shown. The Rev. Dr. ALEXANDER H. VINTON, of Boston, read a paper on the "Nature and Extent of Episcopal Authority." He argued that in the Church the corporate body is supreme, and that the episcopate is essentially an executive office. The Rev. Dr. FULTON, of Indianapolis, took the opposite view—that the episcopate is an original fountain of authority in the Church. This topic was very fully discussed. Bishop HUNTINGTON, of Central New York, read an essay in which he advocated the more extensive use of free preaching. Mr. FRANCIS WELLS, editor of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, read a paper in which he denounced the spirit of caste. His views were received with so much favor that when he closed three cheers were called for and given.

"ARAB AT PRAYER IN THE DESERT."—[From a Painting by Horace Vernet.]

HORACE VERNET.

Émile-Jean-Horace Vernet, the celebrated French artist, from one of whose paintings the accompanying engraving is made, was the last of an illustrious family, distinguished through many generations in the sphere of art. His great-grandfather, Antoine Vernet, attained a certain amount of distinction as a portrait painter, and is said to have transferred the perennial beauty of Ninon de l'Enclos to canvas, when that lady was in the height of her attractions, at the age of threescore. Claude-Joseph, the grandfather of Horace, became famous as a marine painter in the time of Louis XV., and was invited by the king to Paris, and assigned apartments in the Louvre, where he painted an immense number of pictures, representing all the chief sea-ports of France. His father, Carle Vernet, was the famous battle painter of the Consulate. During the early years of the Empire his success increased, and he achieved the highest honors of his profession. He was made Chevalier of the Order of St. Michel, and wore the cross of the Legion of Honor.

Horace Vernet was born on the 30th of June, 1789. His youth was passed amidst the tumult and anarchy of the revolution of '93, and owing to the disorder and excitement of the epoch in which he lived, it was natural that his education should be irregular and incomplete. But at an early age his hereditary genius manifested itself in an unusual taste for painting and a great natural facility in execution. While yet a boy he was compelled to use his pencil for his own support, and at the age of seventeen he competed for the grand prize of the Academy of Fine Arts, in order to secure the traveling pension connected with it, so that he might go to Rome for the purpose of study. He was unsuccessful, however, and the scheme was necessarily abandoned; but he still possessed in his father a most able instructor in art.

But the troublous days of the Revolution were not favorable to the cultivation of the youthful genius of Horace Vernet. Father and son were constantly exposed to the dangers that threatened every one connected, however remotely, with the aristocracy; and while they were making up their minds to escape from Paris, the young man was drafted into the army. At the expiration of his term of service, which lasted about two years, he returned to Paris, married, and commenced his independent career as an artist, being then only about twenty years of age. The department of art chosen by the young painter was suggested at once by the previous success of his father and the military intoxication of the Parisian public. His practical experience of a soldier's life now became of great service to him in his profession. Whereas the treatment of military subjects by his father and others had been heretofore more or less of the conventional and so-called imaginative kind, the new aspirant, with his fuller sympathy and knowledge, sought for his effects in that serious rendering of truth which is the basis of all authentic imagination. In the halt, the bivouac, or the battle the French soldier, Horace Vernet determined, should be painted according to the veritable fact of the matter as he himself had witnessed the scene. The success which rewarded this attempt at more earnest and truthful conception was brilliant and instantaneous, his very first pictures of the kind being received with an enthusiasm of favor accorded to those of no other artist. Thus he was enabled to minister to the love of military glory so natural to the French, and he won the hearts of all classes by painting the battles in which France had been victorious, and the striking incidents and episodes connected with the wars of the Republic and the Empire.

At the court of Napoleon, Vernet was an especial favorite, constantly receiving liberal orders from all the members of the imperial family, the art-loving Empress Marie Louise constituting herself his especial patron. On the restoration of the Bourbons his success received a slight check through the petty persecution of the government, which denied his works a place in the annual exhibition at the Louvre on account of their "seditious character." At this he transformed his studio into an exhibition-room, where he presented a numerous collection of his own paintings, and was promptly consoled for the loss of court favor by the appreciation of the public. His fame had become too great to be crushed by the opposition of a capricious government. He was soon sought out by Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orleans, who, ever on the alert for any thing that might tend to stir up a revolution, patronized Vernet as the artist favored by the discontented, and ordered picture after picture, in which he had himself and his deeds glorified over and over again by the facile brush of the great painter. The reigning monarch soon began to perceive that it was no longer prudent to persecute popular genius, and ordered the presence of Vernet at the Tuileries. He then sat for his portrait, and ordered the nobles of his court to do likewise, after which he gave the artist a commission to decorate one of the ceilings of the Louvre with a painting representing a review of the troops at the Champ de Mars, himself (Charles X.) in command. Thus the artist is restored to the full tide of royal favor, and becomes the recipient of as great honor from the Bourbons as had been offered him by the Bonapartes.

About this time Vernet received the appointment of director at the French School of Art in Rome, and went to Italy to perform the duties of his office. He was not suffered to remain there long, for as soon as Louis Philippe mounted the throne of France he sent for the artist to return. He was at once installed, as especial favorite of the monarch, in an immense studio in Versailles, where there was sufficient room to spread out the canvas for those enormous pictures it was his delight to paint. While at the palace Vernet refused a peerage from the hands of the Citizen King, preferring the plea that citizens were on the rise and nobility on the decline. "Permit me, sire, to remain a simple citizen," was the artist's reply to the flattering proposal. A difficulty arising between Vernet and Louis Philippe in regard to a picture of the siege of Valenciennes was not long afterward the occasion of a visit on the part of the former to Russia. While the painting was in progress the king proposed to the artist that he should represent Louis XIV. as leading the assault. This, being entirely contrary to history, Vernet refused to do, and immediately resigned the commission and announced his intention of going to Russia. Louis Philippe offered to concede the point, and used every endeavor to induce the painter to remain; but he had made up his mind to go, and refused to yield. He went to St. Petersburg, where he soon became a personal favorite of the Czar, who not only gave him unlimited orders for pictures, but even visited him daily in his studio, and also condescended to become his pupil in the art of painting. Vernet finally concluded to spend the remainder of his days a happy exile in the Russian capital, but on the death of Louis Philippe's son he remembered his old affection for his sovereign, and returned to France to bear his own condolences and those of the Emperor Nicholas to the bereaved monarch. The past was now forgotten, and Vernet was again loaded with commissions for huge pictures, which he worked most laboriously to fulfill.

One of the most gigantic undertakings of Horace Vernet was a series of paintings in the Constantine Gallery at Versailles representing the triumph of the French arms in Algiers. The task was prescribed by the king, and Vernet immediately prepared to visit the scene of the struggle, so that he might study the character and detail of the places he desired to represent upon his canvas. Throughout his whole career he frequently became a traveler on such profes-

sional errands. Nothing in the way of fatigue or other obstacles daunted him. He would surmount any difficulty in order to perfect his knowledge of distant scenes and strange people that he wished to portray.

Although military subjects claimed the greater amount of attention from VERNET's brush, he did not confine himself exclusively to them. His "School of Raphael" and "Judith and Holofernes" are two of his most wonderful works. Upon his consummate treatment of these and several others of like character his fame chiefly rests; and in this particular department, though he has many worthy competitors among his countrymen, no one can be said to equal him. With the utmost skill in effective composition, he combines in these works a vigor and truthfulness that are surprising; the movement and fiery life of passionate emotion are expressed in them with amazing effect.

To VERNET belongs also the honor of having painted the largest picture in the world. The subject is the "Taking of Smala," and the gigantic canvas is not less than one hundred and sixty yards square. He received the order from LOUIS PHILIPPE after his reconciliation with the monarch, and although alarmed at first by the magnitude of the undertaking, it is said that he performed the work in less than eight months. Many of his paintings have naturally somewhat of a panoramic air, owing to the immense stretches of canvas they cover, but in all of them the master-hand of great genius is apparent.

In 1857 VERNET made a visit to the United States, where he was received with the honor appropriate to his fame. He died on the 17th of January, 1863, leaving no children, his only daughter, the wife of the celebrated PAUL DELAROCHE, having died in 1845.

PETITE.

OH, you are like the cloudy speck
That rises on the blue of May;
So thin, so fine, the little fleck
Is hardly worth a care, you say,
My sweet?
Yet cloudlets hide the sun, Petite.

Or you are like the rose in spring,
That scarcely shows the rose's pink;
So pale, so frail, the tender thing
Is hardly worth a thought, you think,
My sweet?
Yet rose-buds have their thorns, Petite.

Or you are like the tempest's heart,
The swift and slender lightning gleam;
So light, so slight, the tiny dart
Is hardly worth a fear, you deem,
My sweet?
Yet little lightnings kill, Petite.

OUR ROMAN CATHOLIC RULERS.

THE Roman Catholic vote in the cities of New York and Brooklyn has once more carried the State election for the Democracy. While a great majority of the more intelligent population of the interior and western counties has declared openly for free schools and mental progress, and refused to unite with the papal party in its dangerous designs, the close and unwavering ranks of the Tammany leaders have brought them a triumph that can not be looked upon without alarm. We can no longer be in doubt as to who are the real rulers of the State of New York. A "solid, unbroken Catholic vote" has elected Messrs. BIGELOW and ROBINSON, and defeated the Republican candidates, who had avowed their determination to defend the public schools against sectarian aggression. This was the plain issue upon which all the interior counties united, and which called to the polls the whole papal faction of our two chief cities to express their preference for the enemies of the common schools. It is curious to compare the different kinds of voters who have just decided this important contest. The population of New York and Brooklyn is possibly 1,500,000; of the rest of the State, 3,500,000. The interior counties are controlled chiefly by the farming class. The people are usually well educated, industrious, moderate, intelligent, sincere. They have not been misled by the professions of pretended reformers who, having long profited by the plunder of our chief cities, are anxious to hide their misdeeds in a sudden assumption of honesty, and they were plainly unwilling to intrust the government of the State to a faction which had shown itself unworthy of confidence, and hence the Democratic candidates were defeated in the country by a majority of nearly 20,000. But a very different class of voters exists in our two chief cities, which easily destroyed the preponderance of the rural districts. The fate of the State was decided in the worst, the most disreputable, and the wholly foreign quarters of New York and Brooklyn. The Irish Catholics, aided by a small body of Germans and Protestant Democrats, elected the candidates of the Roman Catholic Democracy. The Brooklyn Ring and the New York Ring united to defeat Messrs. SEWARD and SPINNER, and a purely sectarian vote determined the election.

It is well known that the chief aim of the Tammany leaders of New York for the past year has been to secure again the control of the city treasury, and to increase the public debt by a fresh issue of bonds; and not all the steady opposition of Comptroller GREEN has been able to prevent this constant tendency toward financial ruin. He has no power over the various commissions, and is obliged to issue the bonds to cover their expenses as the Legislature may have directed; and but for the interference of the Republican Senate, the city would have been subjected to a still greater load of taxation and of debt. The system of plunder which TWEED carried to its highest point has been continued in a less conspicuous manner under his successors. The later New York Ring under the Tammany leaders has been as thievish and as odious to every honest citizen as was that reign of robbery which was partially broken down in 1871. A similar condition of affairs, and even, it is asserted, a far worse one, has existed at Brooklyn for many years, and had as yet met with no decisive check until the last election. The Brooklyn Ring was elected wholly by the Roman Catholic vote. It is the uneducated, gross, degraded Irish population living in the worst districts, and several of their Roman Catholic leaders who had risen to enormous wealth by constant robbery, who have controlled for so many years the unfortunate city, wasted its resources, covered it with an enormous debt, filled it with immorality, degraded and disgraced its people, and left it, like New York, a fitting instance of the natural results of a Roman Catholic rule. Nowhere has the Roman Catholic Democracy held such a complete control as in Brooklyn; nowhere has it done such fatal injury to a community. Yet it was to both the Brooklyn Ring and the New York Ring that the Democratic leaders appealed for aid in their late extremity. They felt that the Catholic vote, laden with all its iniquities, could alone save them, and to the Catholic vote and the double Rings Governor TILDEN and his associates lent all their countenance and support. To help the Brooklyn plunderers Mr. SEYMOUR left his calm retreat at Utica. Some sentiment of delicacy or of shame prevented him from entering Tammany Hall. He might have felt some natural remorse at the sight of the city whose financial ease he had aided in destroying forever, and he passed over to Brooklyn. Here a fierce struggle had already begun between the citizens who had been robbed for so many years and the Ring which had robbed them. The citizens had turned upon the thieves, and called upon all honest men for aid. But Governor SEYMOUR was not to be found among the friends of honesty. He spoke to an immense assemblage of the worst members of the Brooklyn Ring. There were all the odious names and faces of the men who have ground down the poor of the city to a general misery, and who have lived in riot on the scanty earnings they have snatched from the industrious; and there was all the active part of the Roman Catholic Democracy. Nor did Mr. SEYMOUR have one word of reproof for the desperate throng he saw around him, already trembling before the rage of the people. But he implored their aid. He counseled them how to baffle their accusers; he gave them a plenary indulgence to sin so long as they would vote for BIGELOW and ROBINSON; and he left Brooklyn in the happy confidence that the men who had plundered it might yet have another respite from their proper doom.

While Mr. SEYMOUR spoke to the Brooklyn Ring, Senator KERNAN also left his home at Utica, and boldly represented the TILDEN Democracy at the meeting at Tammany Hall. The meeting, as described in the appropriate language of the New York *World*, was evidently crowded with a class of persons who are not scrupulous, and singularly enthusiastic—the same class who rule in Ecuador or riot in Quebec. They shouted themselves hoarse as JOHN KELLY entered. All Tammany roared with applause at the sight of its adored chief. On its platform, amidst an array of some less discreditable associates, amidst a throng of Tammany judges, officials, and candidates, appeared the venerable forms of old men who had robbed New York twenty years ago, of young men who hoped to profit by their example; and below was a boisterous crowd resolved to maintain them in their iniquity, and to fasten upon the city for years to come the real tyranny of the Irish Catholic minority. The true rulers of New York were to be found not on the platform, but in the hall. To these Mr. KERNAN addressed himself. He followed JOHN KELLY, who had made a bitter attack upon Recorder HACKETT, and he was succeeded by FERNANDO WOOD and S. S. COX. The chief aim of the meeting was to keep in power the throng of officials who have so long plundered the city, and for this purpose Senator KERNAN labored with an unusual zeal. It is needless to repeat that all Tammany rang with hoarse cheers when with poor subtlety he spoke of administrative reform, of the Federal debt, of frauds in Buffalo and Rochester, and hoped to hide from the people of New York the financial ruin that must follow the success of the Irish Democracy. It is a noteworthy trait of these papal politicians that they never seem to have either shame or repentance for the robberies committed by their associates, or for the sufferings of the non-sectarian part of our citizens who are forced to pay tribute to their crimes. They seem to labor under a kind of color-blindness, and fail to see what is plain to every one else. But Senator KERNAN, undismayed, next directed himself to the school question. After five years of unexplained silence he ventured to avow doctrines that are not in exact accord with the Syllabus and the Council. He said religion should not be taught in the public schools. But he did not care to explain why he had not avowed this opinion five years ago, when the papal party established their sectarian schools in New York, or why he had left the *Freeman's Journal* in such extraordinary ignorance of his real views. The cry that the schools were in danger, he declared an attempt to stir up sectarian hate. Yet he knew that every Irish Catholic editor and nearly all the Roman Catholic prelacy were clamoring for their destruction. Finally, he added that he had "no word to say upon the local campaign." And amidst his strange audience, marked with every tint and shade of public robbery, closed with a peroration against "peculators and thieves." We are told that there were then "cheers." But a shade of dismay seemed already to rest upon the chief and the members of Tammany. The consciousness of guilt had perhaps come at last. At least they felt the contempt and hatred of the community they had once more striven to plunder. But Senator KERNAN had done all that subtlety could accomplish to help the New York Ring, and ex-Governor SEYMOUR had lent all his strength to maintain its Brooklyn rival. The Irish Catholic voters went in their usual unbroken ranks to the polls. The ultramontane element of the population of the two cities carried the election. A few thousand Germans, misled by the papal leaders, joined with the ultramontanes. The great rural majority for the Republican State ticket was overborne by the papal union, and to the most ignorant and debased class of our city voters, who have so long been the source of ruin to the community, our State officers owe their rise to power.

To represent the "solid, unbroken Catholic vote" is no reputable post. Yet it is not without regret that we are forced to speak with intense severity of any class of our fellow-citizens, and gladly would we welcome them back to the paths of honor. But upon this point there can be no error, and there should be no concealment. The "Catholic vote" has too long been an instrument of robbery, a menace to the honest, a terror to the educated portion of our people; and that it has once more defeated the will of the larger section of the State is another proof of its extraordinary and dangerous power. What the Protestant and non-sectarian part of the citizens of Brooklyn and New York have to do in future is to guard themselves against the rule of a sectarian faction. They can not undo the injury it has already inflicted. They can not escape the heavy load of debt it has laid on them and on posterity. They must pay ten millions of interest annually as a retribution for their past negligence. They can not forget the twenty years of miserable misgovernment which have made the Roman Catholic power in Brooklyn and New York a terror and a shame. They remember that in 1870 and 1871 Irish Catholic ruffians threatened with violence every citizen who demanded reform and strove to save the city; that every form of insolent intimidation and brutal outrage was used by the dominant sect to stop inquiry and secure their plunder; that WATSON, FISK, TWEED, and SWEENY were only the agents of an Irish mob; that nearly all the city officials were Irish Catholics, and poured a share of their spoils into the lap of the Papal Church. These things our citizens must never forget. But they may at least secure themselves in future from the rule of a single sect. Nor can Messrs. KERNAN, SEYMOUR, and TILDEN fail to reap a public reprobation for laboring once more with KINSELLA and KELLY to give New York and Brooklyn back into the hands of the Papal Church.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

A MARRIAGE NOT ALL OF CONVENIENCE.

A LOW melodious laugh echoed through the parlors, and reached the luxuriously furnished library on the other side of the hall, where sat two men clad in broadcloth and fine linen, fingering nervously a pile of papers before them, and although these papers told of gain to one of these men, and utter, irretrievable ruin to the other, it was difficult to tell which of the two seemed the saddest and most concerned.

When that laugh fell upon the father's ear he started to his feet and looked wildly about him, then put his hand to his head as if to shut out the somewhat high treble of an American girl's voice.

"I can't stand it, Cohen," he said. "I wish I was deaf, dumb, blind. Cohen, I wish I was dead!"

And yet that voice had been the one melody of his life. Now that it was trained and modeled after an approved plan, and had been said to rival successfully the trill of a nightingale, it sounded not a whit sweeter than when it first put together the two syllables, "papa."

But his companion first heard the light footstep in the hall, and the rustle of silken drapery.

"Hush, Winthrop," he said; "I hear your daughter's step; she is coming. Compose yourself."

The unhappy merchant fell into his chair, and shaded his eyes with his hand.

A light tap at the door followed, and there entered into that chamber of torture a vision of light and beauty worthy of paradise. She shone there, that lovely young woman, for the moment mercifully depriving these two men of even the consciousness of misery. Of what marvelous compound were the robes she wore and the jewels that adorned her they knew not, but Madame Jurot would have been soul-satisfied could she have seen the triumph of that one toilet of hers.

"Kiss me good-by, papa," said this wonderful creature, putting the tips of her gloved fingers on his shoulders, and pressing her rosy lips on the hot seared forehead of the merchant. "I am going to the ball, you know. Mrs. De Peyster's carriage is at the door. Do I look nice?" she added, and her papa's face being hid, her eyes fell full upon the face of his companion, Mr. Cohen, which wore so undisguised a look of commendation that a bright blush rose to her brow.

The wretched man took his daughter in his arms without much regard to the flimsy material that entangled him, and it seemed to Mr. Cohen, as he caught a glimpse of Mr. Winthrop's face, that it wore the look of a man taking his last caress of a beloved body. Then the young woman ran lightly out to the carriage, and the two men sat down to their papers again.

Mr. Winthrop gazed upon them hopelessly, with a pitiably abortive effort to glean from the hieroglyphics therein the old bitter accuracy of detail, but the figures swam now before his sight. The one great fact, the sum total of ruin, utter and hopeless, took all the shape out of this material before him, rendering it one heavy, crushing sledge-hammer of agony. At midnight Mr. Cohen bade his friend good-by. "Take heart, Winthrop," he said, "for the sake of your daughter."

"It would be better for her," said the miserable man, "if I were dead."

Then Mr. Cohen followed Miss Winthrop to the De Peyster ball, which he had not thought of attending till he had gone on that doleful visit to his friend; and all the way there he revolved over and over in his mind a question that had presented itself to him in a hundred different shapes, but now for the first time took an answerable form. His face remained pale and grave even in the midst of the scene of luxurious festivity that had taxed the brains of the best adorning and culinary artists in the metropolis.

Many an obsequious and reverential glance followed him as he made his way through the crowded rooms; for this numerous company had assembled there to do honor to the great idol, Mammon, and held in distinguished consideration the successful financier, Mr. Cohen.

At last he saw Miss Josephine, and fancied that a shadow rested upon her beautiful face.

It was no fault of Miss Josephine Winthrop's that she had been born with the traditionary golden spoon, so that it affected thereafter the palate of this beautiful young woman of fashion, or that although, as behooved one of the fairest of Eve's daughters, she was romantic and sentimental, it never occurred to her to call a wooden ladle by any other name.

When she refused partner after partner for the German that night, it began to be already whispered about that she was waiting for the Baron Wagner, and that he was unusually late at the ball; and there were mysterious winks and hints, and a good deal of sly satire in the bright eyes that had long looked with envy upon the huge bouquets which so gaudily betrayed the taste of the secretary of legation.

"How hateful and mercenary those foreigners are!" said Miss Godfrey. "I've no doubt he has engaged her for the dance, poor thing;" and her cold blue eyes fastened themselves curiously upon the now flushed and unhappy face of Miss Winthrop.

Now it so happened that Miss Josephine had not been held to this felicity by any binding agreement. The baron had shrewdly left the dance to be decided upon when the evening came around, that wily nobleman having by a somewhat costly experience learned the uncertainty of matters in this mundane sphere. He had left it to be inferred that he would be transported with ecstasy to trip that measure with her, as he had been to pursue so many others, and had sent, as usual, his preliminary huge bouquet. But at the club that evening he had heard some vague but alarming reports that caused the somewhat bilious complexion of the eminent foreigner to become yellower and, if possible, more opaque. He remained at the club, smoking a great many cigars at the expense of several very young gentlemen of fashion, who would gladly have remained there all night and administered to the comfort of the distinguished nobleman.

In the mean while Miss Winthrop's heart beat quickly beneath her silken bodice, and she almost wished she had not ventured so much upon the partiality of the Baron Wagner. What if he should choose for this once the tall and graceful Miss De Peyster, the daughter of their hostess, or cast a favorable eye upon the blandishments of Miss Godfrey? As the moments flew by, it occurred to Miss Josephine that he might not come at all, and then the sneers and gibes of these rivals of hers would set her down as neglected and forgotten, and she would be compelled to sit through the entire dance, thus in the bloom and freshness of her first season having the hated experience of a wall-flower thrust upon her.

She sighed and fidgeted; her color rose. The preliminaries of the German had already commenced. Her eyes nervously sought the corridors. It was all she could do to keep the tears from obscuring her sight.

"The baron is late this evening," whispered that spiteful Miss De Peyster.

"That is nothing to me," said poor Josephine, with a little sob in her voice that destroyed all effort at haughtiness.

Miss De Peyster whispered that perhaps he would come yet, and walked away with her partner. Josephine's head drooped; one long sigh of despair escaped her lips; even a few tears fell out of her eyes upon the hated bouquet.

All at once a tall form bent over her, and a voice said, gentle and low, "Miss Josephine, I have never danced the German in my life; is it too late to ask you to teach me?" and looking up, she saw her father's friend, Mr. Cohen. His fine face was connected with some of the happiest moments of her life. When she was but a child and fretted for some new toy, it was always Mr. Cohen's hand that brought it; the nicest appreciation of her drawings, of each new musical effort, she found at his hands. And now here again, when she needed him most of all, he was at her side.

"Teach you!" she said, tears of mortification and hurt vanity still shining in her eyes—"as if I could teach you any thing! Oh, how good you are! You only asked me to dance because—because—" She wanted to say because the baron had forgotten her, but remembered that perhaps he did not even know the baron.

"I asked you to dance because—" said Mr. Cohen; but here the onerous duties of the German interrupted their conversation, and not once again was he able to say the words that trembled on his lips.

Miss Josephine led the great financier successfully through the dance: indeed, whatever Mr. Cohen did was done well. His forty-five years

sat lightly upon him. He was an extremely handsome, attractive man even now; perhaps more so than in his youth, for fortune and favor are rare beautifiers; and though by some freak of nature Mr. Cohen's hair was white as snow, it only served to enhance the brilliancy of his eyes, lend a glow to his skin, and give dignity to his severely aquiline nose and well-cut lips.

Josephine had never given many of her thoughts to this famous negotiator. Her little head had been turned by the prospect of a title, and the profound "ya-as" of the Baron Wagner. The baron confined the most of his conversation to this little monosyllable, merely changing its expression to one of entreaty, denial, astonishment, interest, interrogation, or whatever suited the moment. All the young ladies, however, agreed that with the shrug of his shoulders, the raising of his eyebrows, and outspreading of his fingers, it was a whole language in itself.

But Josephine found it pleasant to talk—something new to find herself interested in a conversation. Mr. Cohen made the most of the time he spent with Miss Winthrop, and she conceded to herself that the moments spent with him were the brightest and best she had ever known in society.

And then all the sparkling eyes about her grew more and more bright with envy. Mr. Cohen must be worth a million—two—perhaps ten: who can tell the limit to the surmises of these extravagant young ladies? It was he, then, she was waiting for; he had even condescended to dance to please her, and it was her fault that the poor baron did not come to the ball. And what in the world all the men could see in Josephine Winthrop it was impossible to define. Her father was rich, but it was whispered about he had made lately some very unfortunate speculations, and it was well, perhaps, that she should make hay while the sun shone. Who would think, to look upon these lovely and innocent faces, wreathed with smiles, and beaming with innocent happiness—who would think that all these uncharitable thoughts could find shelter beneath the rose leaves, the satin, and the tulle? Alas, poor maidens! it is not their fault, but that of the great naughty world to which they belong.

But Miss Winthrop, when, at the end of the evening, she lay back among the cushions of her carriage, and took her usual review of the night's enjoyment, found more to think of than usual.

What a delightful bearing had her father's friend, Mr. Cohen! How handsome he was, how dignified, how kind and thoughtful! If it had not been for his timely proposal, she would have missed the German, for the baron had not, after all, come to the ball. She would never forgive the mortification the baron had given her, nor forget the happiness granted her by Mr. Cohen. The very first opportunity that came she would tell him frankly how noble and sweet was such behavior, so that he might at some other time come to the rescue of a similarly forlorn damsel.

This opportunity was not long deferred. It was with a great sense of wonder and surprise that, when the carriage of Miss Winthrop rolled to her door, she found another there also; but she was proportionately interested to find it the handsome establishment of Mr. Cohen.

The hour was very late. It was not *de rigueur* to make a call long after midnight. What could be the matter?

She went into the deserted and silent parlors with her opera cloak falling from her shoulders. All the tired Cupids, Psyches, nymphs, and bacchantes were sound asleep on their pedestals, the gas burned low, the rooms were peopled with shadows—the biggest of all, and approaching her, was Mr. Cohen.

"Come, Miss Josephine," he said, "you promised to show me the plant from which you plucked the japonica in your hair."

Then Miss Winthrop noticed a light in the conservatory, and drew back in bewilderment.

"Trust me," said Mr. Cohen; "I will explain every thing that may seem strange to you. Won't you show me your japonica? The one in your hair is already dying."

It seemed to Mr. Cohen as they walked silently to the conservatory that the blossom in expiring was so lustily sweet that every movement of the fair young head brought a great gust of fragrance to him.

When they reached the plant, Mr. Cohen found it but a puny shoot, and declared that in giving birth to that one blossom it had exhausted its vitality.

"In my place at the South," said Mr. Cohen, and it seemed to Josephine that his voice trembled—"I have japonicas that grow eight feet high in the open air, and now in the depth of winter they are covered with blossoms. I wish you could see them, Miss Josephine."

"I wish I could," repeated Josephine, not knowing what she said.

"Do you?" said Mr. Cohen. "You may, if you will. Every thing I have in the world is at your feet! Don't stare; don't be shocked. Miss Josephine, child, forgive me. I have long loved you, but never would have spoken had there not been a dire necessity."

"It is not a time—" faltered Josephine, frightened and trembling.

"It is the only time," broke in Mr. Cohen. "Yonder in the library there is a soul verging upon madness. I want power to save it. Ten years ago your father gave me the chance to make my fortune: for God's sake grant me the opportunity to save his. It all rests with you. If you can bring yourself to believe that you could ever be happy in a marriage with me, your father will consent to the offer I will make him. He will agree then that our fortunes lie together."

"My father!" cried Josephine, and made one step to the door, but Mr. Cohen detained her.

"Let me go to him," he begged, "even if you can not consent. It is better that I should go."

"Then go," said Josephine, stamping her slippered foot upon the floor. "Oh, go at once!"

"And may I tell him that you are willing?"

"Tell him that I am glad," she whispered.

Mr. Cohen disappeared without even touching her hand.

Josephine threw herself into one of the big velvet chairs, tore off her gloves, tossed the huge bouquet of the baron into a corner, and sat staring with beautiful blazing eyes at the open door, through which came the murmur of voices.

She saw it all now—the whispers and gibes of the women at the ball, the delay and perfidy of the baron. Oh, what would have become of her, of her poor dear papa, if it had not been for their preserver, their benefactor? Then she heard footsteps, and the ghastly face of her father was before her.

"No, no," faltered Mr. Winthrop, who had married Josephine's mother when an ardent young lad of twenty, "I can not accept this sacrifice. We must not add to the rest of our misery a marriage without love."

A burning blush mounted to Josephine's brow. She looked at the two eager faces before her, and exclaimed, with serious and simple fervor, "I do love him, papa." Then she hid her face on her father's shoulder.

"For my sake, I'm afraid, darling," said Mr. Winthrop.

"For my own too, papa," said Josephine. "He was so good to me at the ball; he saved me from so much humiliation and misery! I meant to have told him how noble and sweet and generous he was. Oh, papa, I do love him!"

Then Mr. Cohen, finding his betrothed altogether engrossed in the caress of her father, stooped and kissed the dead japonica in her hair.

After Easter, among the most brilliant marriages the most notable was that of the lovely and accomplished Miss Winthrop to the eminent financier, Mr. Cohen.

"Such a worldly creature!" said Miss De Peyster to the Baron Wagner, who had honored the magnificent nuptial ceremony with his presence. "The whole affair was patched up to save her father from bankruptcy." But that nobleman, shrugging his shoulders, recklessly displaying his tarnished gloves, and lifting his eyebrows to meet his hair, replied, "Ya-as," with the accent of one who approved of the festivity, whatever brought it about.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

AN expedition is leaving England for the purpose of making a survey of the coast of Africa opposite the Canary Islands, with a view of finding a suitable position for a harbor and a commercial and missionary station; to enter into commercial arrangements with the native tribes; to inquire into their present means of commerce and the resources of the countries through which it is proposed to pass. It is proposed also to examine as far as practicable the sand-bar across the mouth of the River Belta, which is supposed to keep the waters of the Atlantic Ocean from flowing into the dry bed of the ancient inland sea; and also to obtain levels and other necessary information.

Mr. M'KENZIE, whose name has been previously mentioned in connection with the project of converting the interior of Northern Africa into an inland sea, from the west coast rather than the north, is director of the party.

The Swedish arctic expedition arrived at Hammerfest on the 26th of September, on its return from its summer explorations, bringing a valuable collection of specimens and some important observations. The mouth of the Yenisei River was reached on the 15th of August, and Professor NORDENSKJÖLD there left the ship to return to Sweden *via* Siberia.

The death of CARL J. A. T. SCHERER, the well-known mineralogist and metallurgist, took place at Freiberg, August 20, at the age of about sixty-two. Among the works by which he is best known are a treatise upon iron smelting and one upon the blow-pipe. He also published numerous memoirs on chemistry, mineralogy, and geology.

It is stated that Captain GUNDERSEN, recently returned from a voyage to Nova Zembla, found there the journal of BARENT, giving an account of his doings from the 1st of June to the 29th of August, 1580.

Dr. A. LEITH ADAMS communicates to *Nature* the particulars of the discovery of a large number of remains of head bones of the great Irish elk, *Cervus megaceros*, of which skeletons are now preserved in the museums of Cambridge, Yale, Philadelphia, and Washington, in the United States. It is well known that this animal inhabited certain parts of Europe during the prehistoric period, and was especially abundant in Ireland, from which country, most of the more perfect skulls and skeletons have been obtained. The frame of the animal was about the size of that of the American moose, the horns, however, much larger, although of somewhat the same shape, the distance from tip to tip in some cases being as much as twelve or fourteen feet. Zoologically the species is quite distinct.

The remains of these animals generally occur in peat bogs, and in 1847, while draining such a bog at Kellegar, among the Dublin mountains, as many as thirty heads were obtained in a cutting of about a hundred yards in length by three in breadth. Nothing further was done in this locality until, at the suggestion of Dr. ADAMS, during the present year, a renewed examination of the region was made by running a series of trenches parallel with the original ditch, which was done at the expense of the Royal Irish Academy. The result has been the finding of about thirty additional heads of the great Irish deer. These were imbedded in from two to three feet of clay, often lying on or impacted between blocks of granite, as if they had been drifted into that situation. Here, as elsewhere in Ireland, they were met with around the margins of the bogs, and not in the middle, as if the animals were mired in the shallow water, or else their carcasses had drifted with the winds and currents to the sides and outlet of the lake.

Another collection of a similar character has lately been dug from a bog on the property of Mr. R. USHER, of Cappogh, near Dungarvan. These were collected in a space about one hundred yards in length and seventy in breadth, and include heads and cast antlers of no less than fifteen individuals of the great-horned deer and the antler of a red deer.

Mr. JANSSEN has been appointed as the head of the new French Physical Observatory, which will be established either at Fontenay or at Vincennes.

The erection of an observatory at Trieste has been determined upon by the Austrian government. It will be furnished, among other instruments, with a refractor of fifteen inches aperture, by ALVAN CLARK, of Cambridge, which has already been ordered.

The death of Professor RESLHUBER, director of the observatory at Kremsmünster, in Austria, and distinguished as an astronomer, occurred in September last, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

The Société d'Encouragement (Paris, Rue de Rennes, 44) announces the following programme of prizes, viz.: A prize of $600, to be competed for in 1876, for a process of manufacturing cast-steel rails from common ores containing from 0.50 to 1.50 per cent. of phosphoric acid; for the same year, the D'ARGENTEUIL prize of $2400, for the discovery or improvement of the greatest consequence to French industry; and, in 1879, the society's own prize of the same amount for the same object. Furthermore, (1) $600, in 1876, for a steam-engine of from 25 to 100 horse-power, burning 1.54 pounds of coal per horse-power per hour, engine weighing less than 720 pounds, and costing under $80 per horse-power; (2) $200, in 1878, for a small motor for domestic purposes; (3) $400, in 1878, for specified improvements in flax and hemp spinning; (4) $400, in 1879, for cotton carding; (5) $400, in 1880, for a file-cutting machine; (6) $400, in 1877, for a method of obviating the shock and vibration of heavy machinery, such as steam-hammers, etc.; (7) $200, in 1876, for any useful application of the recently discovered metals, calcium, magnesium, strontium, thallium, etc.; (8) $200, in 1876, for a new alloy useful in the arts; (9) $400, in 1877, for artificial graphite for drawing-pencils; (10) $600, in 1877, for the artificial preparation of compact black diamond for obtaining a powerful means of action in working iron, steel, and the precious stones; (11) $1200, in 1878, for a theory of steel based upon experiment, and having for its object the better regulation of the manufacture of this product; (12) $200, in 1876, for the establishment in France of a workshop for the complete treatment of the ores of nickel and the preparation of the pure metal—the nickel ores of the Alps, the Pyrenees, and Algeria are at the present time only treated in France for smalt, and then sent to Germany for the extraction of the nickel; (13) $200, in 1880, for means for the economical production of high temperatures; (14) $400, in 1878, for a means of hindering soot from adhering to the walls of chimneys, so that they may be fully cleansed.

The Austrian statistician BRACHELLI estimates the total mineral product of all the countries of Europe for 1874 to have been as follows: platinum, 1025 kilograms; gold, 6900 kilograms; silver, 300,000 kilograms; pig-iron, 240,000,000 hundred-weight; copper, 600,000 hundred-weight; lead, 5,300,000 hundred-weight; zinc, 2,700,000 to 3,000,000 hundred-weight; tin, 205,000 hundred-weight; coal, 4,376,000,000 hundred-weight; salt, 95,000,000 to 100,000,000 hundred-weight; manganese, 1,616,000 hundred-weight; antimony, 5700 hundred-weight.

Mr. LEY states that, having worked for a considerable time at the comparisons of United States with European weather charts, he concludes that only a small portion of the storms experienced on the American side of the Atlantic can subsequently be distinctly traced in Europe. Of those thus traceable the majority are felt severely in the extreme north of Europe. The rapidity of the progress of these storms across the Atlantic varies indefinitely, and could not be deduced, as Mr. DRAPER has attempted, from the velocity of the winds experienced in them. Many of the most destructive European storms occur when the barometric pressure over the eastern portion of the United States is tolerably high and steady, and they appear to be developed upon the Atlantic Ocean near the eastern limits of the area of high pressure.

A correspondent of *Land and Water* refers to recent operations conducted in France for the multiplication and growth of oysters, remarking that the process of culture is quite different from that in England, and not so expensive. At Arcachon tiles are used, to which the spat attaches itself when floating about the bay. Walls about eighteen inches high are made of the tiles on the mud banks, which retain the water when the banks are dry at low tide. In these ponds the young oysters are kept after they are taken off the tiles.

At Auray the collectors of spat used are tiles, wooden boards nailed together, and slates. The wood seems to answer admirably well.

At L'Orient the apparatus of cultivation consists of what is called Michel's Patent Concrete Pans. These are about two and a half by one and a half feet, and eight inches deep, retaining the water when the tide is out. The young oysters remain in these pans, and the growth made in one year is very remarkable. The temperature of the water at L'Orient at the date of a visit was sixty-eight degrees.

The *Geographical Magazine* speaks in terms of merited commendation of Commodore J. G. GOODENOUGH, a distinguished British naval officer, who was killed by the natives at Carlisle Bay, on Santa Cruz Island, August 20. Commodore GOODENOUGH was born in 1830, and entered the navy in 1844, on the *Collingwood*. He served in many parts of the world, receiving sundry details in different vessels that were prosecuting explorations in various quarters, and in which he took an active part. In 1873 he was appointed to the *Pearl* as commodore, on the Australian station, and used his best efforts toward investigating the hydrography and geography of the region. In 1873 he took possession, on behalf of the British government, of the Feejee Islands, and endeavored to settle the internal difficulties that had harassed the government for several years. It was while trying to open kindly intercourse with the natives of Santa Cruz Island that he was treacherously killed by a poisoned arrow.

An attempt has lately been made to convey the fry of trout and salmon from England to Australia by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers, the route of which is by the Suez Canal; but without success. The experiment proceeded satisfactorily until the Red Sea was reached, when the mortality commenced, and on the twentieth day out the whole of the fish were dead.

In the fishery division of the Danish agricultural display held not long since at Viborg, in Jütland, a new fish product was exhibited by MÖLLER, in the form of fish sausage. This consisted of finely chopped salted fish, with an addition of pork and spices, and constituted a very acceptable article of food.

The work of removing the submarine rocks at Hallett's Point, which has been slowly progressing, under the superintendence of government engineers, since 1869, is approaching completion. The excavations, which are now announced to be finished, include a surface of two and a half acres, the cuttings aggregating 7542 feet in length, their height varying from eight to twenty-two feet, and their width from twelve to thirteen feet. There is a roof of ten feet of rock between the mine and the water, the depth of the latter, measured from the outer edge of the excavation, being twenty-six feet at low tide. Heavy piers of rock have been left in the excavations to support the immense superincumbent weight of rock and water, and in each of these, as well as in the roof, numerous holes are to be drilled. These are to be filled with nitro-glycerine in charges of eight and ten pounds, and the whole system will be connected by gas pipe filled with the same material. It is designed to break away the coffer-dam previous to the explosion of the mine, and to allow the water to fill the entire excavation and serve as a tamping.

The date of the great explosion, which is confidently expected to effectually remove this dangerous obstacle to navigation, is fixed for the 4th of July, 1876.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"WHAT is the matter, Sir?" said a surgeon to his patient. "Well, I have eaten some oysters, and I suppose they have disagreed with me." "Have you eaten any thing else?" "Well, no—why, yes, I did, too; that is, I took for my tea a mince-pie, four bottles of ale, and two glasses of gin, and I have eaten the oysters since, and I really believe the oysters were not good for me."

The other day a young man, decidedly inebriated, walked into the Executive Chamber and asked for the Governor. "What do you want with him?" inquired the secretary. "Oh, I want an office with a good salary—a sinecure." "Well," replied the secretary, "I can tell you something better for you than a sinecure—you had better try a *water-cure*." A new idea seemed to strike the young inebriate, and he vanished.

"I'll let you off easy this time," as the horse said when he threw his rider into the mud.

A Philadelphia friend, who rejoiced in the name of Comfort, paid his devoirs to a young and attractive widow, named Rachel H——, residing on Long Island. Either her griefs were too new or her lover too old, or from some other cause, the offer was declined. Whereupon a Quaker friend remarked that it was the first modern instance he had known where Rachel refused to be Comforted.

What is the difference between forms and ceremonies?—You sit upon forms and stand upon ceremonies.

"I go through my work," as the needle said to the idle boy. "But not till you are hard pushed," as the idle boy said to the needle.

A letter was posted at the chief post-office in London a while since, bearing the subjoined (minute though somewhat indefinite) address: "To my sister Bridget or else to my brother Tim malony or if not to gudy her mother in law who came to americy but did not stay long and went back to the ould country—in care of the Praste who live in the Parish of balcanbury in Cork or if not to some Dacent Neighbor in Ireland."

NURSERY RHYMES.

There was a young lady of Bicester;
One day that her lover had kissed her,
She seemed quite perplexed,
And to show she was vexed
She gave such a slap to her sister.

There was a young lady of Leeds,
Her eyes were the bigness of beads;
When they said, "Do you squint?"
She replied, "I've got lint,
Which I put to my nose when it bleeds."

There was a young lady of Harrow,
Who would go to church in a barrow;
It stuck in the aisle,
And she said, with a smile,
"They build these here churches too narrow."

"You will observe from this word *pater*," said a school-master to his pupil, "the great flexibility of the Latin language. *Pater* is a father; and here we have *patruus*, an uncle; and *propatruus*, a great-uncle, on the father's side. Can you make any such change in our language? *Pater, patruus, propatruus*—father: is there any way you can change father into uncle in English?" "I don't think of any," replied young Hopeful, "unless you can get him to marry your aunt."

Honey-bees are winged merchants—they cell their honey.

A piano affords a young lady a good chance to show her fingering and her finger-ring.

"How do you define 'black as your hat?'" said a school-master to one of his pupils. "Darkness that may be felt," replied the youthful wit.

The Duke of Wellington's saying connected with early rising was not a bad one: "Let the first turn in the morning be a turn out."

"Has your son Timothy failed?" inquired Gubbens of Stubbens the other day. "Oh, not at all; he has only assigned over his property and fallen back to take a better position," was the reply.

THE EVICTION—A SKETCH IN IRELAND.

THE EVICTION.

THE wholesale eviction of tenants has not been of late years so frequent in Ireland as in times past, owing to the steady growth of a better feeling between the landlords and the peasantry. One or two generations ago such scenes as the one represented in the sketch on this page were of frequent occurrence, and occasioned great misery and discontent among the people. The landlord was in many cases an absentee, residing in England, and collecting his rents through an agent, perhaps a stern and harsh man, who performed his work with relentless determination to collect every penny due. When times were hard, the crops bad, and the poor could barely rake and scrape together enough to keep soul and body in company, the agent would be compelled to resort to very severe measures. He would distrain on the tenants, taking away, if need be, every article in the cabin, and the cow and the pig, to be sold to satisfy his claim. Great distress was often caused by these measures. Sometimes the tenants were summarily evicted from their homes, either for the non-payment of rent, or for some other cause sufficient in the eyes of the landlord or his agent to justify the proceeding. But this is rare now. Better government, improvements in farming, and the spread of intelligence among the peasantry have made Ireland a much more prosperous country than it was a generation ago.

FRANCE AND AMERICA.

ON page 960 we give an engraving, made from photographs received through the courtesy of M. LABOULAYE, of the colossal statue of Liberty which it is proposed to erect next year on one of the islands in New York Harbor, to commemorate both the hundredth anniversary of American independence and our ancient alliance with France. The project originated with an illustrious Frenchman, M. ÉDOUARD LABOULAYE, from whom we have received the following letter in regard to it:

"PARIS, *October* 15, 1875.

"*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

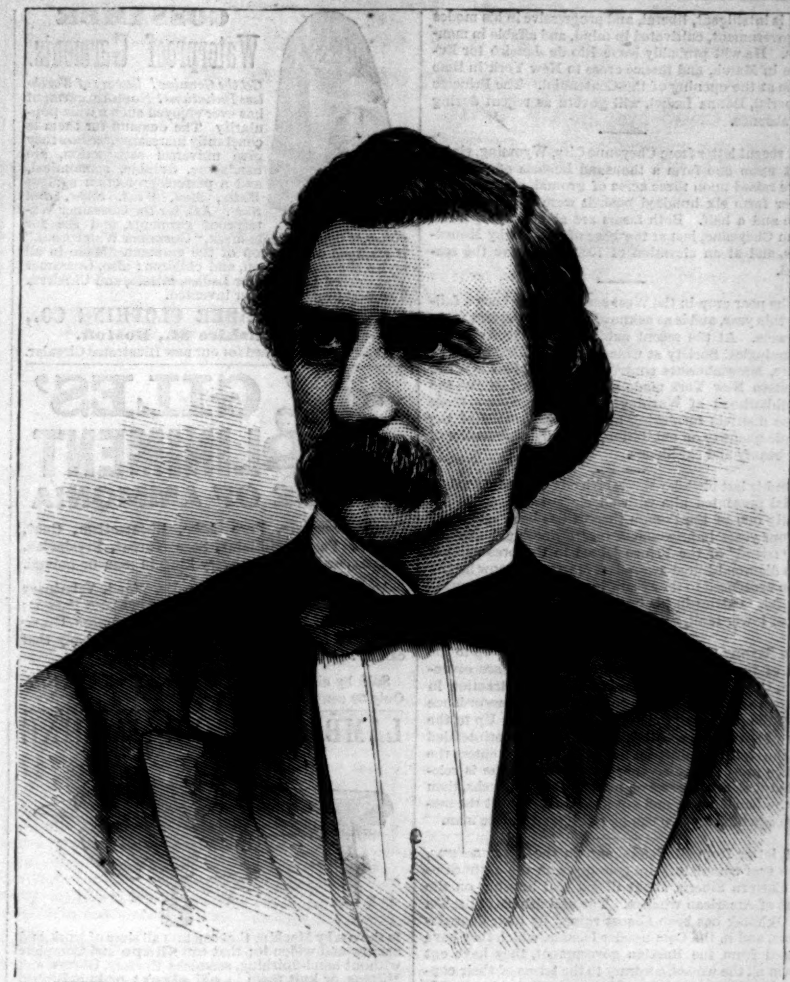
"SIR,—On the solemn occasion of the centennial anniversary of American independence, France, desirous to participate in the joy of her American brothers, and faithful in her old traditions, wishes to celebrate with them that noble liberty which represents the glory of the United States, and which by its example enlightens the modern people. The country of LAFAYETTE aspires to give a striking expression of the sympathy which breathes in her heart, as well to-day as since long years ago. You will see, by the notice herein inclosed, the nature and character of our undertaking. We cordially request you to assist us in the realization of our grand and patriotic achievement. Please, Sir, accept our best feelings. For the French-American Union Committee, the Chairman,

"ÉD. LABOULAYE."

The statue will be of bronze, more than a hundred feet in height, standing upon a pedestal of the same elevation. The model for the figure, designed by the celebrated French sculptor M. AUGUSTE BARTHOLDI, has been approved and accepted by the committee in Paris under whose auspices the project is to be carried out. The pedestal will be decorated with allegorical bass-reliefs, representing the progress of the United States during the first hundred years of their independence. France designs to present us with the statue; we are to rear the pedestal. Thus the two great republics of the world will join hands in signalizing by this majestic monument the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of American independence. Our friends in France have taken hold of the project with great earnestness. Quite recently, at a banquet in Paris, Minister WASHBURNE promised the hearty co-operation of Americans in carrying it out, and it is not unlikely that next year will witness its realization. Rising to the height of two hundred feet about the waters of the harbor, this majestic statue will tower by day against the sky, while by night streams of light will radiate from the head.

The committee, of which M. LABOULAYE is chairman, have issued a circular calling upon the people of France for subscriptions to enable them to carry out this grand project. They appeal to Americans to unite with them in thus celebrating the old and sincere friendship which has so long existed between the two nations. The appeal should not be made in vain.

GENERAL JOHN F. HARTRANFT.



GENERAL JOHN F. HARTRANFT.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. GUTEKUNST, PHILADELPHIA.]

JOHN F. HARTRANFT, who has just been re-elected Governor of Pennsylvania, was born in New Hanover township, in that State, on the 16th of December, 1830. He received his education at Union College, Schenectady, New York, where he graduated in 1853. For some time thereafter he was employed as a civil engineer. In 1854 he became a deputy-sheriff of Montgomery County, holding that position, under two successive incumbents of the shrievalty, until 1858. He then turned his attention to the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar in 1860. The outbreak of the rebellion found him just entering upon the successful practice of his profession. Previous to the war he had been a Democrat, but on the first call for volunteers he proffered his services to Governor CURTIN. The regiment of which he was colonel followed his lead, and was at once equipped and armed and mustered into service as the Fourth Pennsylvania Volunteers. He served with great gallantry and distinction through the entire war, rose from grade to grade, and when the war closed had attained the rank of Brevet Major-General of Volunteers.

Returning to civil life at the close of the struggle, General HARTRANFT, having abandoned his Democratic allegiance, in 1865 received the Republican nomination for Auditor-General of Pennsylvania, and was in that year elected by a majority of 22,660 over W. H. H. DAVIS, the Democratic nominee. In 1868 he was renominated for the same position, and was again successful by a majority of 9499, his Democratic competitor being CHARLES E. BOYLE. In 1871 he was not a candidate for renomination, but on the death of Colonel DAVID STANTON, who had been elected his successor, he was continued in his office by special act of the Legislature. Three years ago General HARTRANFT was elected Governor of Pennsylvania by a large majority over his Democratic opponent. His majority this year was in the neighborhood of 12,000.

A PLAYED-OUT GULCH.

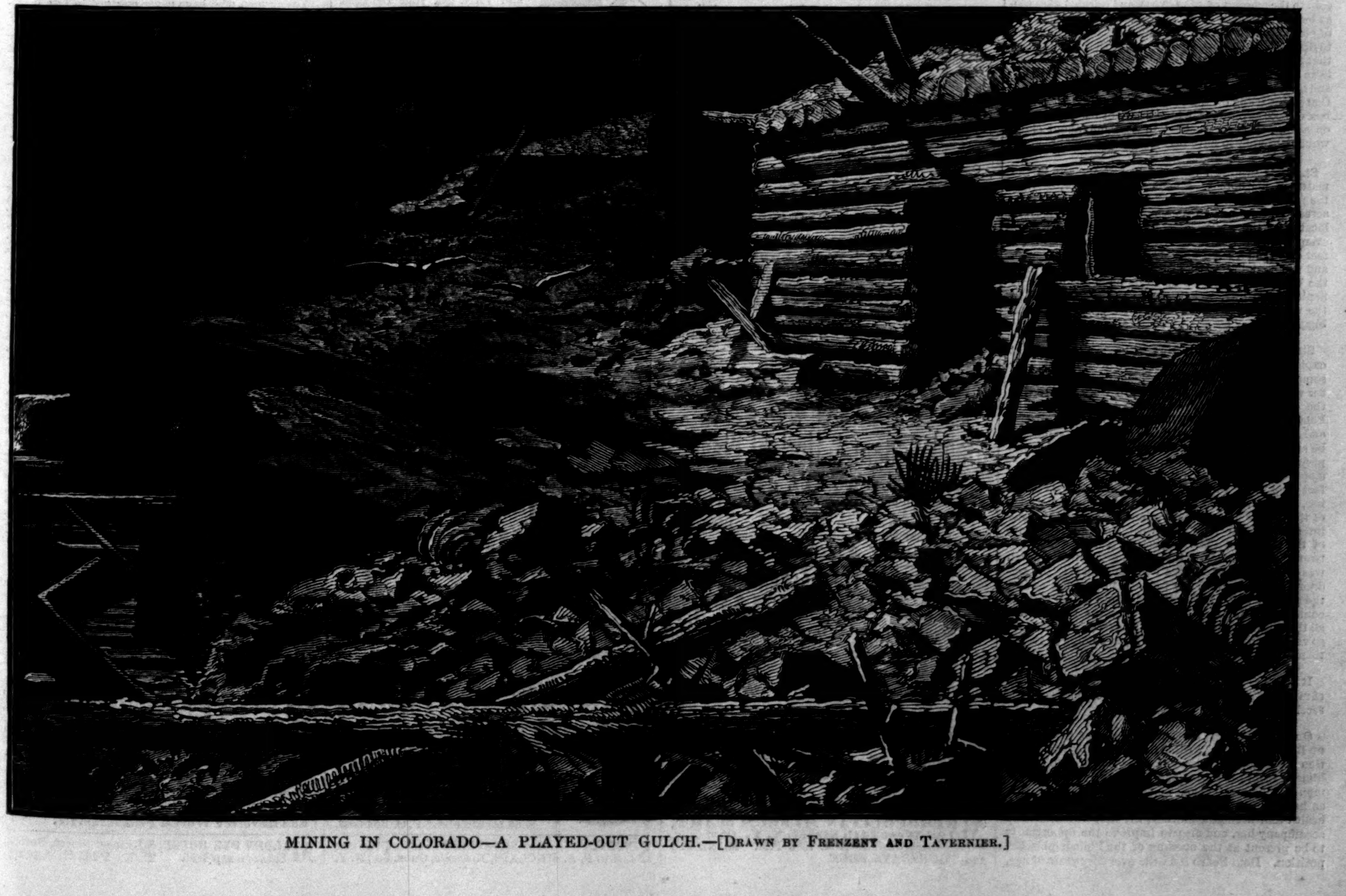
THIS picturesque sketch was made by our artists on the bank of a mountain stream in Colorado, at a spot where months before a company of hardy miners had erected their rude log-cabins, constructed works, diverted the course of the stream from its old channel, and had gone to work with a will to make the earth surrender its hidden treasures. A year before, the camp was alive with a bustling crowd; when our artists, struck with the picturesqueness of the scene, halted there for a few moments for the purpose of making a sketch, the cabins were all deserted, the sluices falling to pieces, the stream had returned to its former bed, and its waters, shortly before turbid and muddy, were clear and sparkling again. The gulch was played out.

ELK-HUNTING.

THE American elk, which by some naturalists is considered a distinct species from the European, inhabits the woods of the northern part of the continent. In summer the herds frequent the lakes and rivers, where they feed upon water-plants and the tender branches of overhanging trees, while in winter they retire to elevated wooded ridges, where the twigs and bark of the trees supply them with abundant food. In a wild state they prefer grass and the twigs of the maple, birch, willow, and aspen, but in captivity they will eat the food of domestic cattle. If captured when very young the elk may be domesticated, but it is liable as it grows old to become quite savage and unmanageable, and even dangerous when approached by those who have it in charge.

The elk possesses an acute sense of smell, which enables it to detect an enemy at a great distance, and its sense of hearing is so fine that the hunter is obliged to use the utmost caution in approaching it, as the slightest noise will start it on the run. It is a very swift and enduring animal, its pace being a long swinging trot. Obstacles almost impassable to a horse are passed over easily by the elk, owing to the length of its legs. When the ground is hard, the hunters are often led a long and severe chase before coming up with their prey; but when the snow lies deep and soft, the elk is no match for its lighter pursuers, who, shod with snow-shoes, send easily over the yielding surface with a speed that soon overcomes that of the hunted animal, which sinks floundering in the snow at every step, and is gradually worn out by its efforts to escape.

Our illustration on the front page represents elk-hunting in the Bad Lands of the Upper Missouri, where this species of the deer tribe may be found in large numbers.



MINING IN COLORADO—A PLAYED-OUT GULCH.—[DRAWN BY FRENZENY AND TAVERNIER.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE Post-office Department at Washington recently received notice that after the first day of January, 1876, there will be levied and collected in France the following general union rates of postage: for prepaid letters, 30 centimes (six cents) per 15 grams (about half an ounce); for unpaid letters, 60 centimes per 15 grams; for postal cards, 15 centimes per 150 grams; for printed matter and samples, five centimes per 50 grams. In addition to these general rates, the French government will impose a special charge on mail matter destined for the United States, called a "sea postage"—10 centimes per 15 grams, and other rates in proportion. Thus the single rate of postage on prepaid letters from France to this country will be 40 centimes, or eight cents, after the 1st of January, while the charge in this country on letters for France will be only five cents. This "sea postage" is charged under a provision of the Berne Treaty authorizing an additional charge for all conveyance by sea over 300 nautical miles, which was inserted because it was feared that sea transportation could not be obtained at the low rate fixed by the treaty. But the apprehension proved groundless; yet France has taken advantage of that precautionary clause. This action of the French postal authorities introduces an exceptional charge on Franco-American correspondence, and will cause much complaint from residents of France. It should be remembered, also, that an unpaid letter from the United States will be charged in France with a postage of 70 centimes, or about 14 cents.

The old Post-office of New York has been dismantled. Old tables, desks, pigeon-holes, racks, curtains, gas-fixtures, pails, spittoons, and almost every thing that can be imagined were collected together and sold at auction a while ago. One might suppose these things would bring a large sum, as there was an immense number of them. But the whole amount of the sale was only about one thousand dollars. It is not yet known what will be done with the deserted building. It is said by some that a United States mint will some time occupy the site; others say that the Chamber of Commerce will purchase the property for the purpose of erecting a building for their use.

Philadelphia ladies propose to give several grand entertainments during the winter in aid of the Centennial Fund. In December there will be a "Martha Washington Reception;" in January, "Historical Tableaux;" and in February, "The Carnival of Authors," as it is called. These entertainments are to be given at the Academy of Music.

The losses occasioned by the floods in the south of France have been recently stated definitely in official statistics. It appears that 1645 communes, situated in twelve departments, suffered more or less. The total loss was 100,903,714 francs, and 127,817 persons were involved in it.

Strange changes take place in the course of ages. Who would ever have thought that the house once occupied by the poet Milton should have degenerated into a fish-monger's shop? But so it is. His residence in Westminster is still standing, very slightly altered from its original condition. It is situated on York Street, not far from the St. James Park station of the Under-ground District Railway. Over the front of the house is now placed the sign, "The Noted Fried Fish Shop."

Some interesting statistics are given in the London *Times* in regard to the light sovereigns that come into the Bank of England. All sovereigns are weighed with one machine at the rate of 3000 an hour, and every light one is marked. Last year the Bank of England weighed coin to the amount of £23,100,000, and rejected £840,000 as being light gold. It is a curious fact that packages of correctly weighed gold sent by the Bank of England to Scotland are frequently returned with the statement that the weight is light. The explanation is that there is an exact point when every sovereign becomes light, and by the mere shaking during the journey many turn that point while on the route. It is stated that in a box of 5000 sovereigns, which have not been disturbed on a journey from England to Scotland, about eight would be found to have become of light weight.

St. Louis proposes to excel San Francisco in the matter of big hotels. A mammoth structure, bearing the name of "Hôtel Grande," and covering about four acres of ground, is to be commenced in the spring, located at the southeast corner of Grand and Page avenues, in St. Louis. It will have a frontage of 400 feet on Grand Avenue and of 300 feet on Page Avenue, and will contain 2000 rooms. The intention is to have the building finished so as to be open for guests by September 1, 1877, and it will be the largest hotel in the world, unless somebody hurries up and builds a bigger one.

Students of Roman history will regret to learn that explorations which have been carried on in Rome for some years by the Italian government are now stopped for want of funds. A good deal of work illustrating the early history of the city has been done on the Palatine Hill, in the Forum Romanum, the Via Sacra, and in the Coliseum, but a good deal more remains to be accomplished; and now even the steam-engine employed to pump out water from the Coliseum has been stopped from want of funds, so that the water is ten feet deep in the substructures of that enormous building, and the weeds are rapidly growing round the edge of the water. Recent excavations have revealed many interesting facts concerning the history and structure of the Coliseum. The original pavement was found twenty-one feet below the level of the arena, which was a boarded floor covered with sand, and full of trap-doors on the level of the foot of the podium and of the present soil. Under this platform are all sorts of contrivances for the theatrical displays above. But all these arrangements are now under water, and must so remain until there is money forth-coming to rescue them.

It is estimated that the average salary of an English curate is £150. The matter of low compensation is receiving attention.

On September 21, 1875, the minister of the Empire of Brazil presented to the Imperial Congress a petition requesting permission for the Emperor to absent himself from his throne and the country for eighteen months. The substance of this document was, that as her Imperial Majesty, the Empress, was in feeble health and needed a journey, the Emperor desired to accompany her, and also to improve the opportunity to be present at the opening of the Philadelphia Exposition. Dom Pedro is a little over fifty years of age, and is intelligent, liberal, and progressive in his modes of government, cultivated in mind, and affable in manners. He will probably leave Rio de Janeiro for Europe in March, and thence cross to New York in time to be at the opening of the Centennial. The Princess Imperial, Donna Isabel, will govern as regent during his absence.

A recent letter from Cheyenne City, Wyoming, states that upon one farm a thousand bushels of potatoes were raised upon three acres of ground, and upon another farm six hundred bushels were raised upon an acre and a half. Both farms are about twenty miles from Cheyenne, just at the base of the Rocky Mountains, and at an elevation of 7000 feet above the sea-level.

The pear crop in the West seems to have been a failure this year, and is so acknowledged by Western pear-growers. At the recent exhibition of the American Pomological Society at Chicago, out of 1800 plates of pears, Massachusetts contributed more than a third, Western New York made a large display, as also the neighborhood of Washington and Baltimore—these three districts furnishing about three-fourths of the whole quantity on exhibition, and fully nine-tenths of the beauty and excellence.

On his last birthday several friends of the Prince Imperial presented him with an elegant inkstand. Recently one of the donors thereof has been sentenced to four years' imprisonment for "swindling." Another "friend" of the Prince joined in the presentation of a diamond-hilted sword last March, and now he has been sentenced to four years' imprisonment "for making false entries in his books." The Prince, like others of lower rank, seems to have some bad "friends."

In Saxony children not only attend school up to the age of fourteen, but afterward, until they are seventeen, they continue to receive regular instruction in lessons varying from two to six weekly, in accordance with the previous proficiency of the pupil. Up to the age of seventeen a child's education is superintended by the state; at nineteen the child, if a boy, enters the active army; after serving for three years he is relegated first to the reserve, next to the Landwehr, then to the Landsturm; and not until he arrives at the mature age of forty-two can he call himself a free man.

A letter from St. Petersburg, in the *Börsenzeitung*, says that complaints are coming from the authorities in Eastern Siberia about illegal seal hunting on the part of American whalers. The seal fishery in the Sea of Okhotsk has been almost ruined by their depredations, and in the Commander Islands, which they have leased from the Russian government, they have cut down all the woods, contrary to the terms of their contract, and expelled most of the native inhabitants. It is said that the whalers recently pushed as far as Behring Straits, where they have driven away the Russian fishermen, ill-treated the natives, and caught great numbers of young whales in Russian waters. The United States government being apparently powerless to control the doings of the skippers on the Pacific coast, most of whom come from San Francisco, the Russian government will treat them as pirates, for which purpose the number of ships of war cruising in the waters of Eastern Siberia will be increased.

SPECTACLES USELESS.—They ruin the sight. Cure your overworked and diseased Eyes without medicine. Learn how to throw away your spectacles by reading the Illustrated physiology and anatomy of the eye, 100 pages, mailed free. Send your address to Dr. J. BALL & Co., Box 957, New York City, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

COUGHS and Colds are often overlooked. A continuance for any length of time causes irritation of the Lungs, or some chronic Throat Disease. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are an effectual Cough Remedy.—(*Com.*)

COUGHS, HOARSENESS, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE *Throat* and *Lungs*. Speedy and certain cure. HEGEMAN'S TOLU AND LIVERWORT EXPECTORANT. Sold by Druggists. Only 50 cents per bottle.—[*Com.*]

OBSTINATE cases of *Piles* of 20 years' standing have been cured by DALLEY'S MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CONSUMPTION, Weak Lungs, DYSPEPSIA, General Debility, and weakness promptly cured by WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITE OF LIME AND SODA, **$1** and **$2** per bottle. Prepared only by **WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, No. 36 John St., New York.** Sold by all Druggists.

INDELIBLE TRANSFER PAPER for marking linen. The cheapest and easiest way. One package by mail, 35 cents. F. P. FOLLETT & CO., 306 Broadway, N. Y.

STEINWAY
Grand, Square, & Upright Pianos,
SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.
Having been awarded Grand Gold Medals of Honor, World's Fair, Paris, 1867; London, 1862.
Every Piano warranted for five years. Illustrated Catalogues mailed on application. Address
STEINWAY & SONS, New York.

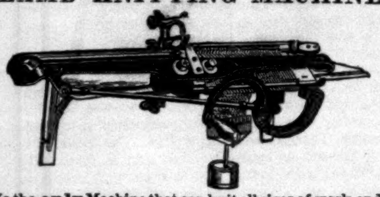
F. J. KALDENBERG'S
MEERSCHAUMS
AND AMBER GOODS
Sent C. O. D. to all parts of the country. Send stamp for Illustrated Price-List, wholesale or retail. Repairing in all its branches. All kinds of Tobaccos always on hand. P. O. Box 91. Stores, 6 Astor House, Broadway; 71 Nassau, cor. John St. Factory, 6 John St., near Broadway, New York.

HARTSHORN SELF-ACTING
SHADE ROLLERS.
☞ No cords or balances. Models and terms sent to trade.
STEWART HARTSHORN, 486 Broadway, N. Y.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM of ART, 128 West 14th Street, N. Y. Open daily, Sundays excepted, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. MONDAYS and THURSDAYS FREE.

GOSSAMER
Waterproof Garments.
Get the Genuine! Beware of Worthless Imitations! No storm garment has ever enjoyed such a wide popularity. The demand for them is constantly increasing, *because* they give universal satisfaction, are handsome, durable, economical, and a perfect protection against *Water, Mud, Wind, Snow, and Sleet.* Ask for the Gossamer Waterproof garments, and see for yourself that our trade-mark, "Gossamer Waterproof," is stamped on the loop of the garment. Made in all styles for men, women, and children; also, Gossamer Waterproof Leggins, for Ladies, Misses, and Children. The best protection ever invented.
GOSSAMER RUBBER CLOTHING CO.,
289 Devonshire St., Boston.
N.B.—Send postal card for our new Illustrated Circular.

TRADE MARK
GILES' LINIMENT
IODIDE OF AMMONIA
Cures **Neuralgia, Face Ache, Rheumatism, Gout, Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Sore Throat, Erysipelas, Bruises,** or **Wounds** of every kind in man or animal.
At Barnum's Hippodrome; Dr. Wood, Veterinary Surgeon; Colonel McDaniels, owner of Harry Bassett; Dr. Ogle, of 330 W. 25th Street, pronounces GILES' LINIMENT IODIDE OF AMMONIA the only remedy that can be relied on to cure lameness in horses.
Sold by all Druggists. Depot 451 Sixth Ave., N. Y. Only 50 cents and $1 per bottle.

LAMB KNITTING MACHINE

Is the **only** Machine that can knit all sizes of work, and narrow and widen it; that can **shape** and Complete without hand-finishing, seamless Hosiery, Gloves, and Mittens, or knit them in **all sizes**; or knit Ribbed Double, and Fancy stitches for Underwear, Jackets, Shawls, Scarfs, &c. It knits over **25** different Garments. Over **100** per cent. profit in manufacturing Knit Goods. The Farmer trebles the value of his Wool by converting it into Knit Goods. Women make **$5** a day with it. Agents wanted. Send for Samples of work, and **reduced** Price-List. Address LAMB KNITTING MACHINE CO., Chicopee Falls, Mass.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Chicago, Illinois; or 922 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

MISFIT CARPETS,
VERY CHEAP, at the old place,
112 Fulton St., New York.
Sent to any part of the country free of charge.
SEND FOR PRICE-LIST.

For Moth Patches, Freckles,
and TAN, ask your Druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. It is reliable.
For Pimples on the Face,
Blackheads or Fleshworms, use Perry's Improved Comedone and Pimple Remedy—the Great Skin Medicine, or consult
DR. B. C. PERRY,
49 Bond St., N. Y.

ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR.
Ten Pieces of Elegant Sheet Music.
196. Far O'er the Waves. Song......Henry Maylath.
197. The Men of '76....................H. Millard.
198. High Life. Waltz....................Strauss.
199. Down where the Violets Grow...S. & D. Western.
200. New World Galop. 4-hand piece........Strauss.
201. Giroflé-Girofla Waltz. Celebrated Punch Song. Piano Solo.
202. Giroflé-Girofla Waltz. Air for Band of 10 Instruments.
203. When Old Hickory Jackson Had His Day........ S. & D. Western.
204. The Lily of Killarney.....Jules Benedict's Opera.
205. There's a Letter in the Candle.............Coote.
The above will be sent by mail (postpaid) on receipt of price, or can be ordered through any newsdealer.
Address BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher, 355 Third Avenue, N. Y.

Dr. WARNER'S SANITARY CORSET,
With Skirt Supporter and self-Adjusting Pads.

The only Corset constructed upon physiological principles, it secures health & comfort of body, with grace and beauty of form. Lady Agents wanted every where. Samples, any size, by mail, $1 50. Address
WARNER BROS., 763 Broadway, N.Y.

$15 SHOT GUN
A double barrel gun, bar or front action locks; warranted genuine twist barrels, and a good shooter, OR NO SALE; with Flask, Pouch and Wad-cutter, for $15. Can be sent C. O. D. with privilege to examine before paying bill. Send stamp for circular to P. POWELL & SON, 238 Main Street, Cincinnati, O.

PERFECTION!
BOKER'S BITTERS.
Beware of Counterfeits and Imitations.

Pollak's Meerschaums.
Pipes and Holders cut to order, repaired, and Boiled. **27 John St., Wholesale and Retail.**
Send for circular. P. O. Box 5009.

SINCLAIR'S Common-Sense Chairs. Send for Ill'd Price List to F. A. SINCLAIR, Mottville, Onon. Co., N. Y.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
A WEEKLY PAPER FOR
YOUNG PEOPLE
AND THE
FAMILY

THE COMPANION aims to be a favorite in every family—looked for eagerly by the young folks, and read with interest by the older. Its purpose is to interest while it amuses; to be judicious, practical, sensible, and to have really permanent worth, while it attracts for the hour.

It is handsomely illustrated, and has for contributors some of the most attractive writers in the country. Among these are:

J. T. Trowbridge, Edward Eggleston, Dr. I. I. Hayes, Rebecca H. Davis, Abby Morton Diaz, Ed. Everett Hale, Louisa M. Alcott, Rev. W. M. Baker, Louise C. Moulton, C. A. Stephens, Harriet P. Spofford, Geo. M. Towle.

Its reading is adapted to the old and young, is very comprehensive in its character. It gives

Stories of Adventure,
Letters of Travel,
Editorials upon Current Topics,
Historical Articles,
Biographical Sketches,
Religious Articles,
Stories of Home and School Life,
Tales, Poetry,
Selections for Declamation,
Anecdotes, Puzzles,
Facts and Incidents.

Subscription Price, $1 75. This includes the payment of Postage by the publishers. Specimen copies sent free. Please mention what paper you saw this in.

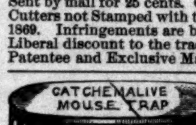
PERRY, MASON, & CO.,
41 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

Self-Propelling Chairs.

For CRIPPLES and INVALIDS.
Can be *easily* propelled, either in or out doors, by any one having the use of hands. State your size, and send stamp for illustrated catalogue of different styles and prices.
Please mention this paper.
S. A. SMITH, No. 32 Platt St., N. Y. City.

FINE OPPORTUNITY
FOR A FEW
MEN OF ENERGY.
THE UNITED STATES LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY is ready to make arrangements, on liberal terms, with several more gentlemen of activity and responsibility as solicitors for Life Insurance.
Solicitors who have represented other companies will be required to show a good record as to their past transactions.
Young men who have never engaged in Life Insurance business will find this a favorable opening for making a good beginning and working up.
No indolent persons, whose chief desire is to occupy a place and receive pay while others do the work, need take the trouble to apply.
Living men who have energy and perseverance, and who mean to work, are welcome to make immediate application to the UNITED STATES LIFE INSURANCE CO.
JOHN E. DE WITT, President,
261 Broadway, New York.

Monce's Patent "**Glass Cutter**" for Glaziers and Household use. (Cuts glass better than a Diamond.) Sent by mail for 25 cents. CAUTION—Beware of buying Cutters not Stamped with the date of Patent, June 8th, 1869. Infringements are being vigorously prosecuted. Liberal discount to the trade. Address S. G. MONCE, Patentee and Exclusive Manufacturer, Bristol, Conn.



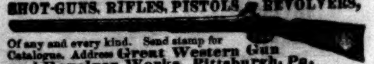
A Mouse once caught resets the trap for another. 6 sent by express for $3; sample by mail, postpaid, 50c. **R. E. DIETZ,** *Patentee,* **54 and 56 Fulton St., N. Y.**

"76." "76." Money for All. Money for All.
"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." Write to us, send 20 cents, tell us to send you one Case of "**76,**" and we will send you something that will bring you in *honorably* over $200 a month, and not take *half your time.* Suitable for both sexes. This is the "chance of a lifetime." If you can not reply, show this to some one who needs *a helping hand.* Send only 20 cts. and call for the WONDER OF WONDERS, viz., "**76.**" Address HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

"THE BENEFACTOR"
Is the best 8-page paper in the world. Tells how to gain and retain health and wealth. Samples free. Address "THE BENEFACTOR," Newark, N. J.

Graduated Chest and Lung Protectors. A necessary and luxurious article of underwear. Sound lungs protected, and unsound restored. Sold everywhere. By mail, $1.50. ISAAC A. SINGER, manufacturer, 694 Broadway, N. Y.

OPIUM AND MORPHINE HABIT CURED. The ORIGINAL and ONLY Cure prepared. Send stamp for Book on Opium-eating, to **W. B. SQUIRE, M.D.,** Worthington, Greene County, Ind.

SHOT-GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS & REVOLVERS,

Of any and every kind. Send stamp for Catalogue. Address **Great Western Gun and Revolver Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.**

MALDEN DYE HOUSE, 8 Hanover Street, Boston, ESTABLISHED 1835. **T. T. PIKE, Agent.**

Amateur Workers in

FANCY WOODS

Can be supplied with the following HARD and RARE WOODS, planed ready for use: ⅛, 3/16, ¼, ⅜ inch and upward. Cash to accompany orders. Rosewood, Satinwood, Holly, Walnut, Mahogany, Ebony, Red and White Cedar, Bird's-eye Maple, &c.

GEO. W. READ & CO.,
186 to 200 Lewis St., foot of 5th and 6th Sts., E.R., N.Y.

☞ Orders by mail will have prompt and careful attention. Inclose stamp for Catalogue and Price-List.

Rogers' Statuary.
$10 and upward.
WASHINGTON.
Just Completed.
30 Inches High, - - Price $15.
Inclose 10 cents for Illustrated Catalogue and prints of lawn subjects, to **JOHN ROGERS,**
Up stairs. 212 Fifth Ave., New York.

Sent Free

upon application: **Samples of Cloths,** with Rules of our **Noted System for Self-Measurement,** by which the **most perfect fit is guaranteed.** Send for **Fashion Plate** and Circular to

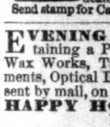
FREEMAN & WOODRUFF,
(A. Freeman, late of Freeman & Burr),
CLOTHIERS,
241 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
(Opp. City Hall Park and New Post-office.)
☞ **Special Discount to Clergymen.** ☜

MOODY AND SANKEY. The Work of God in Great Britain under Messrs. Moody and Sankey, 1873-1875. With Biographical Sketches. By RUFUS W. CLARK, D.D. A complete and very stirring description of this powerful religious movement, full of touching and wonderful incidents, and affording a clear view of its causes, methods, and development. With Portraits of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of* $1 50.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING!



NOVELTY PRINTING PRESS.
For Professional and Amateur Printers, Schools, Societies, Manufacturers, Merchants, and others it is the BEST ever invented. **13,000 in use.** Ten styles. Prices from $5.00 to $150.00
BENJ. O. WOODS & CO. Manuf'rs and dealers in all kinds of **Printing Material,**
Send stamp for Catalogue.) 49 Federal St. Boston.

EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.—Containing a Play, a Charade, a Pantomime, Jarley's Wax Works, Tableaux, Parlor Games and Amusements, Optical Delusions, &c., &c. The above will be sent by mail, on receipt of two three-cent stamps, by **HAPPY HOURS COMPANY,** Publishers, No. 1 Chambers Street, New York.

IMITATION GOLD WATCHES
At **$15, $20,** and **$25** each. Chains, **$2** to **$12** to match. Jewelry of the same sent C.O.D. by Express. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular. *No Agents.* COLLINS METAL WATCH FACTORY, 335 Broadway, New York. Box 3696.

Hard Wood Interiors.
How to furnish them. Send for treatise (furnished free) to SEELEY & STEVENS, 32 Burling Slip, N. Y. City.

H. WALDSTEIN.
OPTICIAN 545 Broadway N.Y.
CATALOGUE MAILED on RECEIPT of 10 Cents

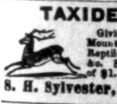
ZELL'S ENCYCLOPEDIA—NEW AND REVISED EDITION.—150,000 Articles, 3000 Engravings, and 18 splendid Maps. The best Book of Reference in the language. Agents wanted. Specimen, with Map, 20c. Address BAKER, DAVIS, & CO., Philadelphia.

THROW AWAY YOUR OLD PRESSES.

Buy the SELF-INKING Columbian, **STRONGEST, CHEAPEST, BEST,** will do the work of a $250 press. 4x6, $14; 6x9, $37; 8x12, $60. Good Card Press, type, roller, ink, &c., $5. Stamp for catalogue to CURTIS & MITCHELL, Type Founders, 21 Brattle St., Boston. Estab. 1847.

SKIN DISEASES. A CURE GUARANTEED. State your case, and send with 25 cents, to DR. VAN DYKE, 1321 GREEN ST., PHILA., PA.

TAXIDERMIST'S MANUAL.



Giving full instructions in Skinning, Mounting and Preserving Birds, Animals, Reptiles, Fishes, Skeletons, Insects, Eggs, &c. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1. Address

S. H. Sylvester, Taxidermist, Middleboro', Mass.

IVY For Hanging Pictures or Decorating at 25 cents per yard. Autumnal and Holly Vines at 50 cents per yard. Sent by mail. Address Buffalo Decorating Co., 365 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

READ **50 BRISTOL CARDS, 6** Tints, with name neatly printed, sent on receipt 20 cents and 3 cent stamp.
FARWELL & FREEMAN, 3 School Street, BOSTON, Mass.

OPIUM and **Morphine** habit absolutely and speedily cured. Painless: no publicity. Send stamp for particulars. Dr. CARLTON, 187 Washington St. Chicago, Ill.

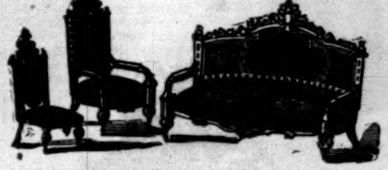
WANTED.—A case of either Diabetes, Gravel, Inflammation of Kidneys and Bladder, or Brick Dust Deposit, that "Constitution Water" will not cure. Dose 40 drops. For sale by all druggists.

$250 A MONTH.—Agents wanted every where. Business honorable and first-class. Particulars sent free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

HOW to make pure Chloride of Gold. $1 by mail. HOVER & CO., P. O. Box 291, Ottumwa, Iowa.

$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

DEGRAFF & TAYLOR,
87 & 89 Bowery, 65 Chrystie, and 130 & 132 Hester St., New York,
STILL CONTINUE TO KEEP THE LARGEST STOCK OF



Parlor, Dining, and Bedroom FURNITURE,
Mattresses, Spring-Beds,
&c., &c.,
Of any house in the United States, which they offer to Retail at Wholesale prices.

A SUPERB GIFT-BOOK.

Miss JOHNSON'S

CATSKILL FAIRIES.

The Catskill Fairies. By VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON, Author of "Joseph the Jew," "A Sack of Gold," "The Calderwood Secret," &c. Illustrated by ALFRED FREDERICKS. Square 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, Gilt Edges, $3 00.

A really charming collection of little stories, in which an attempt, and a successful one at that, is made to open up a vein of national fairy lore. There are twelve stories in all, told with much force and delicacy of style, together with a quaintness and a simplicity that are equally attractive and delightful. There is a playful humor, too, in the manner of telling these pretty tales that is not the least of their claims to attention. * * * The book is copiously and admirably illustrated by Alfred Fredericks, who here fully makes good his title to be considered the best book illustrator in the country. His pictures are not only fine in drawing and rich in effect, but they abound in character, thought, and originality. The book is in every respect a handsome one. It is beautifully printed, the paper is fine, and the type large and clear. It can not fail of becoming one of the most popular holiday books of the season.—*Saturday Evening Gazette*, Boston.

Charming for the young folks.—*The Presbyterian*, Philadelphia.

By far the most elegant of the juvenile books of the season.—*Christian Union*, New York.

Worthy of the attention of all children. It is handsome in make-up, is beautifully illustrated, and is as interesting as could be desired. * * * Miss Johnson evidently understands juvenile literary needs.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Fairy life has never been imagined with so much fantasy and described with so much grace and life by any former American writer.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Parents, when looking for a story-book for their children, should inspect the pretty illustrated volume entitled "Catskill Fairies."—*Boston Advertiser.*

One of the most exquisitely appropriate volumes for the young that could be devised—exquisite in its paper, binding, typography, and illustrations, and equally so in the graceful, eventful, half-mysterious tales which it contains. Miss Johnson tells a fairy story to perfection—as if she believed it herself—and with a wealth of tricksome and frolic fancy that will delight the young and old alike. * * * Nor could any thing be devised more apposite to the holidays, or more appropriate for a Christmas or New-Year's gift, than this charming book.—*Christian Intelligencer*, New York.

This new and elegant book of fairy tales.—*Boston Post.*

Nothing more delicate or fascinating than these stories has ever appeared in the literature of Fairy land. Without being in any sense an imitator of Hans Christian Andersen, Miss Johnson writes stories which the dear old Danish poet would have been proud to own. We find in them the quaintness of fancy and style, the delicate humor, the tenderness, the fine faculty of invention, which characterize his stories; and they have the same quality which his do in interesting mature readers as well as children. The volume is beautifully illustrated by Alfred Fredericks, and is presented to the public in a very tasteful and attractive form as to paper, type, and binding.—*Syracuse Journal.*

The stories are charmingly told, the illustrations are superb, and the binding is simply gorgeous.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

Charmingly written and illustrated, and is worthy of a choice place in the resorts and homes of children. —*Hartford Evening Post.*

Full of light and airiness, fanciful, diversified, and ingenious, just the sort of talk and just the sort of pictures the young folk love, with the old folk to share their gladness. There is fun in it, and poetry too, and in all the characteristics given to it by the author, artist, and printers will be voted by those for whom these have catered as "first-rate." It is destined to enjoy wide favor as a captivating specimen of fairy literature.—*Boston Transcript.*

A very charming book, charmingly illustrated, is "The Catskill Fairies," which makes the banks of the beautiful Hudson River glow with the daintiest color of romance. * * * Fact and fancy are certainly very pleasantly brought together in these fairy tales, which will make many children happier for reading them, while the bright, natural way in which they are told has a charm for children of a larger growth. The illustrations of the book are admirable, both in design and execution.—*Boston Globe.*

The illustrations, by Alfred Fredericks, are not likely to be equaled in any other juvenile of the season. —*Literary World*, Boston.

Pretty and fanciful.—*Phila. Evening Telegraph.*

Will amuse and entertain the young folks.—*Worcester Spy.*

Will charm the young folks, for whom it was intended, and will not be disdained by older readers. * * * This captivating specimen of fairy literature.— *N. Y. Evening Mail.*

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

LIVE AGENTS WANTED
To sell Dr. Chase's Recipes; or, Information for every body in every county in the United States and Canadas. Enlarged by the publisher to 648 pages. It contains over 2000 household recipes, and is suited to all classes and conditions of society. A wonderful book and a household necessity. It sells at sight. Greatest inducements ever offered to book agents. Sample copies sent by mail, postpaid, for $2. Exclusive territory given. Agents more than double their money. Address Dr. CHASE'S Steam Printing House, Ann Arbor, Mich.

WANTED AGENTS for Labor Reform Suspender, Brace Perfection, Ladies' Garment Suspender, and the best known inventions for supporting stockings. Goods indispensable. Agents are earning from $12 to over $150 per week. **B. J. GREELY, 863 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.**

LOOK HERE.—An Agent wanted in every town to sell our household goods. Send 3-cent stamp for our *Agents Gazette.* NATIONAL AGENTS EMPORIUM, 45 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

Free Sample to Agents! Needed in every family. Large profits! Send stamp. E. MIKOLAS, New Bedford, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED in every city and county, to sell the combined Pictures of Presidents of U. S. and their Wives. Send 50 cts. for Sample and Circular. J. LEE, PHOTOGRAPHER, Reading, Pa.

$300 a month to energetic men and women every where. *Business honorable.* EXCELSIOR M'F'G Co., 151 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

WANTED. We desire in every city and county an agent for the exclusive sales of a staple article in the grocery line. Energetic men with little capital may make $5000 per annum. Address, enclosing stamp, EUREKA M'F'G CO., 260 Washington Street, N. Y.

5000 AGENTS WANTED!—Samples free by mail, with terms for clearing from $5 to $10 per day. Two entirely new articles; salable as flour. **H. B. WHITE & CO.,** Newark, N. J.

$4000 a year can be made with our 60 samples, sent for 25 cts. Cards, Games, Photos, & Puzzles. Boston Card Eng. Co., 32 Winter St., Boston.

$15 FOR $5. Send for particulars. Catalogue free. E. NASON & CO., 111 Nassau St., N.Y.

$2500 A YEAR. AGENTS WANTED on our Grand **Combination Prospectus,** representing
150 DISTINCT BOOKS
wanted every where. Sales made from this when all single books fail. Also, Agents wanted on our **Magnificent Family Bibles.** Superior to all others. And our **Complete Bible Encyclopedia,** with **3000** Superb Illustrations. These Books beat the world. Full particulars free. Address **JOHN E. POTTER & CO., Pub's, Philadelphia.**

$77 A WEEK to **Agents,** Old and Young, Male and Female, in their locality. Terms & **OUTFIT FREE.** Address P. O. VICKERY & Co., Augusta, Maine.

$350 A MONTH.—Agents wanted. **24** Best selling articles in the world. One sample free. Address **J. BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.**

PRINTERS' Cabinet, Type, Press, and Boxwood Depot; EAGLE Cabinets; PATTERN LETTERS. VANDERBURGH, WELLS, & Co., cor. Fulton & Dutch Sts., N.Y.

$5.00 TO $10.00 PER DAY TO AGENTS. Business honorable and permanent. Address, with stamp, **T. S. PAGE, Toledo, Ohio.**

31 MORE SITUATIONS for Book-Keepers and Telegraphers. Salary while learning. Send stamp to BUCKEYE BUS. and TEL. COLLEGE, Sandusky, O.

AGENTS, 20 ELEGANT OIL CHROMOS mounted, size 9x11, for $1, or 120 for $5; for **Holiday Presents.** National Chromo Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

LADIES can make $5 a day in their own city or town. Address ELLIS M'F'G CO., Waltham, Mass.

AGENTS, $10 per day. Something New. Sample, 50c. DULEY M'F'G CO., 75 Hanover St., Boston.

AGENTS, Send stamp for Illustrated Catalogue. BOSTON NOVELTY Co., Boston, Mass.

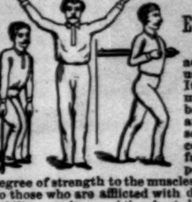
$10 to $25 per day. Send for Chromo Catalogue. J. H. BUFFORD'S SONS, Boston Mass.

$25 A week, selling new holiday novelties. Ill'd catalogues free. G. L. Felton & Co., 119 Nassau St., N.Y.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

BIG PAY to sell our RUBBER PRINTING STAMPS. Terms free. TAYLOR & HARPER, Cleveland, O.

GOODYEAR'S POCKET GYMNASIUM.



The Most Complete System
OF PHYSICAL EXERCISE
Ever Devised for Home Practice.

The following are a few of the advantages derived from the use of the Pocket Gymnasium: It calls into direct action all the muscles in the upper part of the body, and chiefly those which are generally neglected by persons of sedentary habits. It corrects the stooping posture so frequently noticed in young persons, and imparts a uniform degree of strength to the muscles supporting the spinal column. To those who are afflicted with dyspepsia, indigestion, nervous debility, weakness of the chest, lung and liver complaints, etc., it may be used with the most gratifying results. It is graduated to the use of the strongest man or the weakest child; is admirably adapted to the use of invalids and convalescents, where gentle exercise is desirable. To ladies and children especially, the exercise will be found of the most invigorating character. It is highly recommended by leading physicians and all those who have made the subject of physical exercise a study.

PRICE LIST.

No. 1. For Children 4 to 6 years, $1.00. No. 2. For Children 6 to 8, $1.10. No. 3. For Children 8 to 10, $1.20. No. 4. For Children 10 to 14, $1.30. No. 5. For Ladies and Children 14 years and upward, $1.40. No. 6. For Gentlemen of moderate strength, $1.50. No. 7, $2.00. Complete set of seven, $9.00. No. 7 is fitted with a screw-eye and hook to attach to the wall or floor. Two of this size properly arranged make a Complete Gymnasium. Sent post-paid upon receipt of price. Address,

GOODYEAR RUBBER CURLER CO.,
P. O. Box 5,156. **697 Broadway, New York.**

TOY MOUSE!
LIFE SIZE AND COLOR.
Fun for Kit.

The best and cheapest Toy in the World. Will run 35 or 40 feet. Sent post paid, for 25 cts.
SMITH & EGGE, Bridgeport, Ct.

$3. "Best" Printing Press. (*Just out.*) Warranted to print good as $250 presses (with same type). Send stamp for specimens. Agents wanted in every town. W. C. EVANS, Inventor and Manufac'r, 50 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

HARPER & BROTHERS' AUTUMN BOOK-LIST.

I.

MISS JOHNSON'S CATSKILL FAIRIES. The Catskill Fairies. By VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON, Author of "Joseph the Jew," "A Sack of Gold," "The Calderwood Secret," &c. Illustrated by ALFRED FREDERICKS. Square 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, $3 00. A Superb Gift-Book.

II.

THE QUEEN OF CONNAUGHT. A Story. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

III.

TALMAGE'S EVERY-DAY RELIGION. Every-Day Religion: Sermons delivered in Brooklyn Tabernacle, by T. DE WITT TALMAGE, Author of "First Series of Sermons," "Second Series of Sermons," "Old Wells Dug Out," "Sports that Kill," &c. Revised from phonographic reports. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

IV.

HUGH MELTON. A Novel. By KATHARINE KING. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

V.

MIGHT AND MIRTH OF LITERATURE. The Might and Mirth of Literature. A Treatise on Figurative Language. In which upwards of Six Hundred Writers are referred to, and Two Hundred and Twenty Figures Illustrated. Embracing a Complete Survey, on an entirely New Plan, of English and American Literature, interspersed with Historical Notices of the Progress of the Language, with Anecdotes of many of the Authors, and with Discussions of the Fundamental Principles of Criticism and of the Weapons of Oratory. By Prof. JOHN WALKER VILANT MACBETH, University of West Virginia. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

VI.

HEALEY. A Romance. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

VII.

GOLDSMITH'S SELECT POEMS. Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M., formerly Head Master of the High School, Cambridge, Mass. Illustrated, Small 4to, Cloth, 90 cents. *(Uniform with Rolfe's Edition of Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice, Tempest, Henry VIII., and Julius Cæsar.)*

VIII.

THE CALDERWOOD SECRET. A Novel. By VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

IX.

PLATO'S DIALOGUES. TRANSLATED. Select Dialogues of Plato. A New and Literal Version, chiefly from the Text of Stallbaum. Containing The Apology of Socrates, Crito, Phædo, Gorgias, Protagoras, Phædrus, Theætetus, Euthyphron, Lysis. By HENRY CARY, M.A., Worcester College, Oxford. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

X.

ST. SIMON'S NIECE. A Novel. By FRANK LEE BENEDICT. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

XI.

COCKER'S THEISTIC CONCEPTION OF THE WORLD. The Theistic Conception of the World. An Essay in Opposition to Certain Tendencies of Modern Thought. By B. F. COCKER, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in the University of Michigan, Author of "Christianity and Greek Philosophy." Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

XII.

JEAN. A Novel. By MRS. NEWMAN. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

XIII.

GLADSTONE ON THE POPE'S SPEECHES. Speeches of Pope Pius IX. By the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M. P., Author of "The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance," "Vaticanism," &c. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents. Uniform with "The Vatican Decrees" and "Vaticanism."

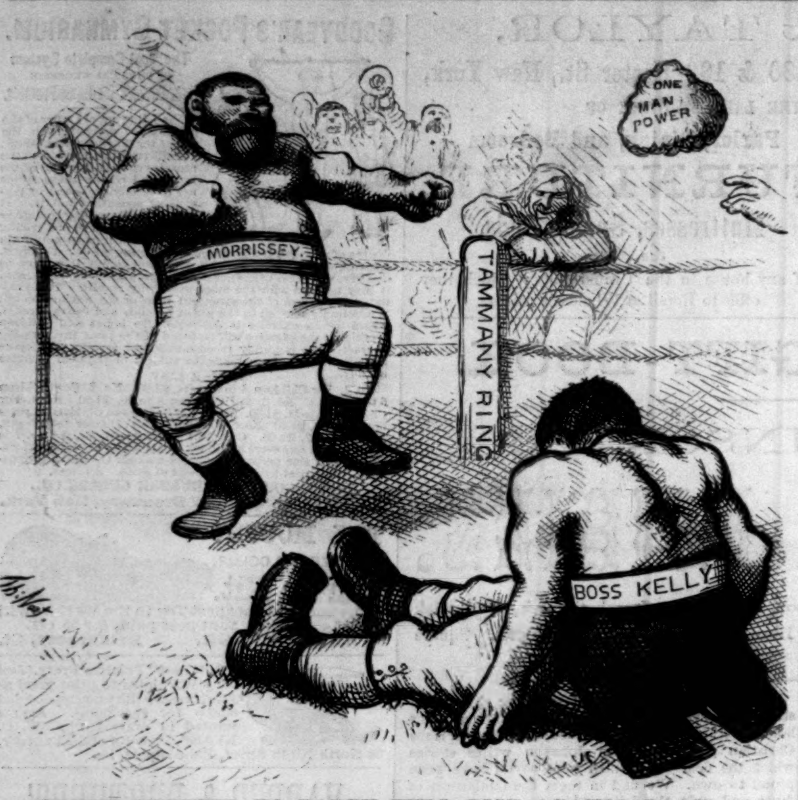
The Three Pamphlets in one volume, under the general title of "Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion. Three Tracts. The Vatican Decrees.—Vaticanism.—Speeches of the Pope. Collected Edition, with a Preface." 8vo, Cloth, $1 75.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of* Ten Cents.

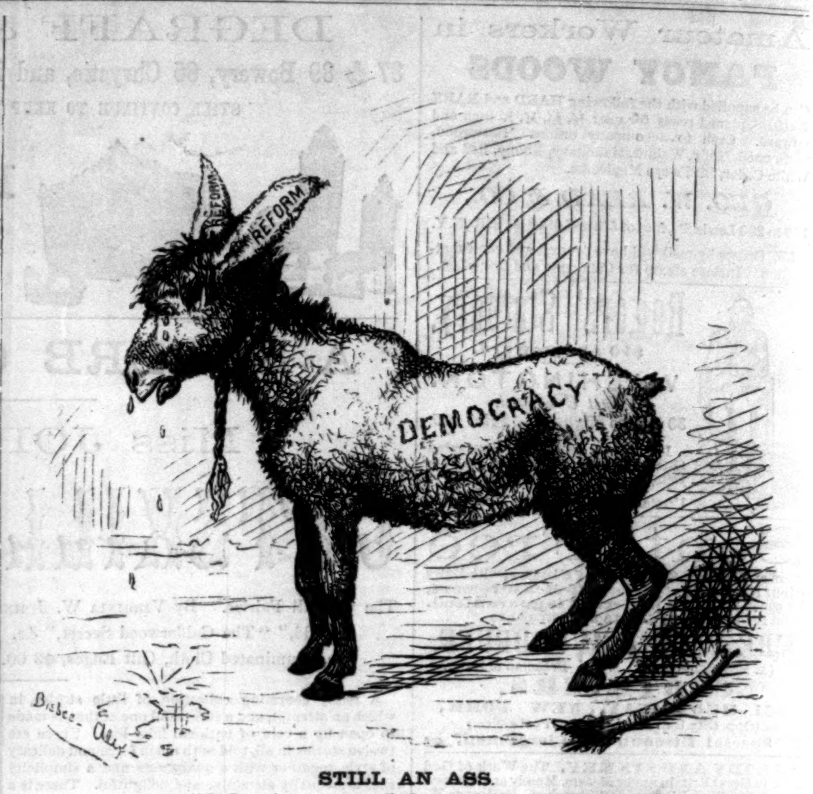
HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, N. Y.

$3 Enterprise Printing Presses. JUST OUT. 4 sizes. Send stamp for Catalogue to J. COOK & Co., West Meriden, Ct.



"TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH WILL RISE AGAIN."—Boss Kelly.

"Truly, an honorable fight and a glorious victory! In after years, when an upright and God-fearing Republican shall review on his death-bed the events of a well-spent life, doubtless his thoughts will linger long, and with sweet satisfaction, upon the proud day when he joyfully enrolled himself as a follower and supporter of Wood, the lottery dealer; Hall, the unconvicted relic of Tweedism; and Morrissey, the prize-fighter. In the blissful consciousness of having taken so exalted and ennobling a part in the great work of reform, he may feel that he has not lived in vain, for, in the memorable year 1875, he helped John Morrissey to punish Tammany for trying to clean itself."—*N. Y. Tribune*, Nov. 5.



STILL AN ASS.

"If I can't wag my tail, I can work my ears yet."

C. G. Gunther's Sons,

502--504 BROADWAY,

CALL ATTENTION TO THEIR STOCK OF

LADIES' FURS.

ALSO, TO THEIR ASSORTMENT OF

SEAL-SKIN SACQUES,

WHICH IS THE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE EVER OFFERED.

C. G. GUNTHER'S SONS,
502--504 BROADWAY.

CARRIAGES

AND

ROAD WAGONS

OF THE BEST QUALITY.

BRADLEY, PRAY, & CO.,

25 Union Square, New York.

DECKER BROTHERS.

GRAND SQUARE AND UPRIGHT

PIANOS

ARE MATCHLESS.

33 UNION SQUARE, N. Y.

LUNDBORG'S California Water For the TOILET and BATH

A delightful substitute for Cologne or Bay Rum. Fragrant and refreshing. Adapted for all seasons and climates. Large bottles 75 cts. For sale by Druggists.

FISHERMEN! TWINES AND NETTING,

MANUFACTURED BY

WM. E. HOOPER & SONS,

☞ Send for Price-List. **Baltimore, Md.**

HEGEMAN & CO., Druggists, New York, are introducing into this country **EPPLEY'S Celebrated Medicated Whiskey,** for the cure of **Consumption, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and Pulmonary diseases.** A superb **tonic** and **Appetizer.** Recommended generally by the medical faculty. It is pleasant to the taste, and is universally prononnced the **best thing** of the kind ever offered in the U. S. We invite all physicians to examine it. Sold only by first-class druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

TRADE MARK.

1876.

Postage Free.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE TO

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and *Bazar* are a wonderful repository of literature, science, and art.—*New York Observer.*

Harper's Magazine.

The *Magazine* has never been surpassed in this country or elsewhere.—*Boston Daily Journal.*

Harper's Weekly.

The ablest and most powerful illustrated periodical in this country.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Harper's Bazar.

The organ of the great world of fashion.—*Boston Traveller.*

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, & Bazar.

One copy of either will be sent for one year, POSTAGE PREPAID, to any Subscriber in the United States or Canada, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, and Harper's Bazar, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00: Postage free.

An Extra Copy of either the Magazine, Weekly, *or* Bazar *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* Five Subscribers *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy: Postage free.*

Terms for Advertising in Harper's Weekly and Harper's Bazar.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $2 00 per Line; Outside Page, $4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

SAFETY.

Have your Name on your Watch Movement.

EMPIRE CITY WATCH CO.'S

SPECIAL NAME-PLATE WATCHES.

Made in Three different Grades, both Stem and Key Winding.

No. 1. Nickel, 18 Size, 3-4 Plate.
2. " 18 " Full Plate.
3. Frosted, 18 " " "

ALL WITH PATENT DOUBLE INDEX REGULATOR, and Nos. 1 and 2 with Patent Reversible Barrel. All with Special Name Plates, as shown in Cut, on which you can have your name engraved at the time you purchase.

NOVEL AND USEFUL.

Ask your jeweler to see them; if he can not supply you, send to undersigned for address of nearest jeweler who keeps them.

Dealers supplied with Price-Lists, terms, and all particulars, on application, enclosing business card, to

EMPIRE CITY WATCH CO.,
13 Maiden Lane, New York.

$20,000 in Cash

And Valuable Articles

TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

EVERY PURCHASER TAKES A GIFT.

One Hundred Visiting Cards for 50 Cents.

We offer for a limited period Visiting, Address, and Professional Cards at the unprecedentedly low price of **50 Cents per Hundred,** on fine imported stock, and give

A Valuable Prize with each Name.

During the time set apart for this sale we shall give away **$2500 in Cash,** and balance in Gold and Silver Watches, Books, Jewelry, and other articles, embracing in all **$20,000 Worth.**

Remember, every Name draws a Gift.

We have been in business since 1868, and the above offer will surely be carried out in the fairest manner, every pack being numbered.

We shall give to many persons 5, 10, 15, 20, and 50 times the value of their cards.

All orders sent by mail will be numbered in rotation as they are received, and will be filled promptly. Parties sending by mail must send six cents in postage with their fifty cents, to defray postage of Cards.

Cash prizes (drawn by mail) will be sent by P. O. money orders.

WILSON & COMPANY,
424 Washington Street, Boston.

PECK & SNYDER'S PATENT

Self-Adjusting American Club Skate.

Club Skates for $1 00 a pair and upward. Enclose 10 cents for our new 200-page Catalogue of Skates, Gymnasium, Magician's, Firemen's, and Saloon Goods, Novelties, &c., &c. Address

PECK & SNYDER, Manufacturers,
P. O. Box 4958. **No. 126 Nassau St., N. Y.**

RUBY & PEARL

Surface-Burning Self-Feeding

FURNACES for Heating Churches, School Houses, Public Buildings, and Private Dwellings.

FULLER, WARREN, & CO., Troy, N. Y.

DICK'S TASTELESS MEDICINES can now be had in all drug stores. Ask for Circular.

THE PARISIAN DIAMONDS.—Their perfect resemblance to the genuine. Jewelers can not detect the difference. Their brilliancy equals the first-water diamonds. Their body is crystal quartz, plated with a pure diamond surface which will not scratch or wear off, and their beauty and brilliancy last forever. They are all set in solid gold. RICHARD HUMPHRYS, No. 779 Broadway, opposite Stewart's, New York, sole Agent for the United States. Goods sent C. O. D. ☞ Send for Price-List.

WEBER

PIANO-FORTES.

NILSSON. I shall take every opportunity to *recommend* and *praise* your instruments.

KELLOGG. For the last six years your Pianos have been my *choice* for the *Concert-room* and my own *house.*

LUCCA Your Uprights are *extraordinary* instruments, and deserve their *great success.*

PATTI. I have used the Pianos of every celebrated maker, but *give yours the preference over all.*

STRAUSS. Your Pianos astonish me. *I have never* yet seen *any Pianos which equal yours.*

Prices Reasonable. Terms Easy.

Warerooms, 5th Ave., cor. 16th St., N.Y.

BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK'S

THIRD AVENUE THEATRE,

Bet. 30th & 31st Sts., New York.

First-class Minstrels and Variety. Fun without vulgarity. Dates always open to first-class Specialty artists.

Our Next-Door Neighbor.

Our Next-Door Neighbor. Recent Sketches of Mexico. By the Rev. Gilbert Haven, D.D. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

Nearly every page is graced with an illustration; but these are scarcely needed, so well are the pen pictures of the author executed. * * * Altogether it is a first-class book for travelers as a guide, or for those who enjoy travel letters in the quiet of their own home. * * * The book is full of information. * * * We commend this book, as some very choice reading, to all.—*Methodist Recorder.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

AN ISLAND PEARL:

A Christmas Story.

By B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GOLDEN GRAIN," "JOSHUA MARVEL," "BREAD-AND-CHEESE AND KISSES," "THE KING OF NO-LAND," ETC.

V.

IN FAITH ABIDING, I'LL STILL BE TRUE.

It wanted but a week to Christmas, and in another week from that time I should be bidding my Mabel farewell. It was my lot now to experience the pain that lives in joy. Hitherto I had left home for my duties with a light and willing spirit; now my heart was charged with sadness at the thought of leaving my darling girl.

I can not tell you how I loved her—I can not tell you what she was to me. She was more than my life—she was my soul. In all the world there was but one star for me—Mabel. Through the light of her love the fair earth became fairer, and the gloomiest day was filled with sunshine.

It happened at this time that Mabel's mother was summoned suddenly from her home. An only sister, who lived a hundred miles away, was dying, and called her to her bedside. The summons was so sudden that I did not see her before she left. Going in the morning to Mabel's house, I found her alone, and she told me how her mother had been compelled to go almost at a moment's notice.

"Did she leave a message for me?" I asked.

"No," replied Mabel. "She was so hurried and agitated—"

She scarcely knew how to finish the sentence, so I placed my fingers on her lips to save her from awkwardness. She felt more deeply than I any lack of affection in her mother toward me. Well, I owed her no grudge for not bestowing a kind thought upon me, and certainly no grudge that she had left. It insured a happier time for Mabel and me. I ventured a shrewd guess.

"I suppose she wanted you to go with her, Mabel."

"Yes; but I said I could not leave you, especially as it was uncertain when we should return."

I knew instinctively that there must have been a scene between the mother and daughter, but I was not the man to question Mabel concerning it. I would not inflict that pain upon my girl.

Now how it came into my mind, or what put it there, it is beyond me to say; but, as Christmas drew near, I got it fixed in me that Mabel and I ought to get married before I went to sea again. The more I thought of it, the more fixed became the idea and the stronger my wish. I was fearful of broaching the subject to Mabel, not knowing how she would receive it in the absence of her mother; but an incident which occurred three days after her mother's departure gave me the opportunity and the courage.

I had gone to the docks to see after my ship, expecting to be away until night, when I was to meet Mabel at our little cottage of shells. I returned, however, three or four hours sooner than I anticipated, and I went at once to Mabel's house. I heard voices within—one the music of which I knew full well; the other I scarcely recognized. I opened the door, and, entering, saw Mr. Druce. He was standing before Mabel, and had just finished a passionate speech, judging from his position; for as I appeared he laid his hand in no light way upon her, and she was striving to wrest herself from his grasp.

To see was to act; my blood was boiling furiously. I seized him by the neck, and the next moment we were outside the house, whither I had dragged him, without any effort on my part, and without resistance on his. He was really as a feather in my hands. Being outside, with my hand still grasping him firmly, I twisted his face by force to mine, and looked into his eyes.

"You miserable coward!" I said. "That is the way you treat defenseless women, is it?"

And with my open hand I struck him on his smooth face; then flung him away.

He said nothing—not a word. But the glance he gave me was like the sudden darting forth of a serpent's fang—without the active poison.

"Put up your hands," I cried; "I'm going to thrash you, or you me!"

He put up his hands, and aimed a feeble blow at me. I hit him but once, and he fell to the ground, with the color of blood now on his frightened face. I had not struck lightly.

He wiped the blood away as he rose. I scorned to strike again. Then he spoke.

"Amos Beecroft," he said, "you shall live to learn that this is the worst day's work you have ever done."

"Worst or best," I replied, "you have received a lesson I advise you never to forget. Indeed, I think you are not likely to, for I am in hopes I have marked you for life."

His lip was cut, and the scar, I judged, would not be soon effaced.

"By what right," he asked, slowly, "do you step between me and Mabel?"

"By the best of all rights. That young lady is to be my wife."

"You are a liar!" he cried, furiously.

Mabel was standing at the door, trembling in every limb, and I went to her side and passed my arm around her waist.

He stood before us in silence for full ten seconds; then, with a wicked look, slunk away.

"I'll not risk your being insulted again by that scoundrel," I said to Mabel. "While your mother is absent you must sleep at our house. It will be safer for you."

But her woman's sense saw in this proposal what had not occurred to me.

"I can't do that, Amos, until—until—"

"Until what, my darling?"

Bright blushes drove the lilies from her cheek. Then I guessed what was in her mind.

MR. DRUCE ON THE WATCH.

"Come with me," I said. "I have something to say to you before my mother."

She locked the street door and accompanied me.

"Mother," I said, "it isn't safe for Mabel to sleep in her own place alone: she has come to stop with you."

My mother nodded.

"I shall sleep there instead of her," I continued, "and Mabel will take my room here for a day or two."

"And then, Amos?" said my mother, guessing that I had something more to say.

"And then, mother," I rejoined, "Mabel and I will get married. There is no occasion for any one to know but ourselves. On the day before Christmas we will go to the registrar's, and this Christmas shall be the happiest we three have ever spent."

I think girls admire boldness in their lovers. Women like to rule, they say; it is a mistake; they like to be ruled, for the most part. Only give them their own way the slightest bit in the world, and they are satisfied—having a knack of magnifying things. I saw in Mabel's joyful, blushing face assent to my daring. It took my mother's breath away for a moment, however.

"But, Amos," she remonstrated, "what will her mother say?"

"I am going to marry Mabel, not her mother. The thought of leaving Mabel in an uncertain position has disturbed me all along. I want to make her my wife before I go to sea—I want to make sure of you, my darling!—and as we are the principal parties in the matter, we've settled it between ourselves. So, my dear old mother, give us both a kiss, and welcome my wife, whose heart is better than all the gold the earth contains."

Needless to say that the old woman was won over, and promised to keep our secret. No one was to know any thing of it but ourselves, and it was left to me to make all the arrangements. Perhaps it is as well for me to mention that I had risen to the position of first mate, and that I had been promised a command at no distant date; therefore my getting married was not a very unwise or unreasonable proceeding.

It was not till late that I parted from Mabel, and I went straight to her house with the key which she had given me. The night was dark, and as I put the key into the door I heard a soft step behind me. I turned my head, and, dark as it was, I recognized Mr. Druce. He stopped within a step or two of me, and then approached close to my side.

"What are you doing there?" he asked.

He had evidently not recognized me.

"What are *you* doing," I retorted, "prowling about this house at this time of night? Remember the lesson I gave you this morning, and don't provoke me to give you another."

"Oh, it's you, Amos Beecroft!" he cried; and was proceeding with his talk, when I shut the door in his face. I was in no mood to parley with him, and for Mabel's sake deemed it best to avoid violence.

I lighted the candle, and sat down and smoked my pipe, thinking of Mabel and the future. Fully an hour passed in this way. Before I went to bed, I threw open the window of the bedroom, and stood with the light of the candle shining upon me. It was a back room, and looked out, as our own cottage did, on a little bit of garden. I saw the shadow of a man lingering about, and with wrathful thoughts of Mr. Druce I ran out of the house, with the intention of thrashing him if my surmise were correct. But when I was in the open air, I saw neither man nor shadow of man, and I returned to the house, and slept. No suspicion of the probable consequences of this incident entered my mind. If it had— But how can I, of all men in the world, speculate upon consequences—I, whose destiny seems to have been fixed and determined by fate?

* * * * * *

On the day before Christmas Mabel and I were married, and as I placed the ring on her finger I felt that my happiness was complete. That same Christmas-eve she, my mother, and I were in Greenwich, where I had engaged rooms. The Christmas bells rang out auguries of a happy future, and I set words to them—words which formed the sweetest melody that ever fell on a man's soul. Mabel looked inexpressibly fair and beautiful, and, in the light of our happiness, my old mother appeared to grow young again. Never was a man so blessed as I.

"God bless this day!" I said, as we three sat together, I with an arm round each. "God bless this day for ever and ever!"

We sat in the dusk, talking of the past and the future; and during a lull my mother sung a few lines of "Yo, heave, ho!" my father's favorite song, and broke down in the middle, overcome by remembrance of the past. A few moments afterward Mabel, with a tender nestling toward me, sung, in a low sweet voice, a song I had never heard before. One verse especially pleased me, and she sung it again at my desire, as I wished to fix the words in my mind:

"Though friends be chiding,
And waves dividing,
In faith abiding,
I'll still be true:
And I'll pray for thee,
On the stormy ocean,
In deep devotion,
That's what I'll do."

A long, long silence followed; and when we awoke from the dream into which we had fallen, we spoke again, almost in whispers, of the bright promise which life held out for us.

"I shall have more than one talisman with me," said Mabel, "when you are gone."

"More than one, my darling? How many, then?"

"Three," she replied. "Hope, faith, and love."

"Faith and love are the best of these," said I. "Faith in each other, love for each other. Mabel, if I lost faith in you, I believe that love would go forever out of my life."

She became grave at this.

"Do you think," she presently asked, "that you *could* ever grow to doubt me?"

"You might as well ask me," I replied, "if I think the sun will not rise to-morrow. No, Mabel, it is impossible that I should ever doubt you; the mere suggestion would make me unhappy, did I not know you are all that is good and pure and constant."

My answer did not appear to satisfy her.

"Suppose," she continued, with a woman's persistence, "that circumstances should arise in your absence—remember, the harder task of faith is yours—"

"Why?" I inquired, interrupting her.

"*I* should never doubt," she answered, with a tender smile. "Knowing you from the time I was a child, and you being always my best and dearest friend, my love for you and faith in you have become a part of my life. So it comes natural to me. When you first saw me you were a man—"

"Yes," I said, again interrupting her; "but a man who had never loved any woman but my mother. Well, go on."

"Suppose, then," she repeated, "that circumstances should arise in your absence that might cause people to speak of me, through no fault of mine, as they did of me and that man"—I knew that she referred to Mr. Druce, and that, holding him in abhorrence, she shrunk from uttering his name—"would a suspicion of doubt of *my* love and faith ever enter your mind? That is what I want to know."

"And when you know it, will you rest satisfied," I asked, with a light heart and in a light tone, "and never think again of such an impossibility?"

"Yes, Amos."

"Well, then, I will first show you that I can be as obstinate as yourself. Do you know of any such circumstance likely to arise?"

She paused a moment before she replied,

"No; I know of none."

"Then take my answer, my dearest. Nothing could ever shake my faith in you—nothing could ever weaken my love for you. If any necessity really existed that these words should be spoken, I am glad that they are spoken at Christmas. Henceforth this good season holds a more sacred place in my heart, because it has brought me the priceless blessing of your love; because, also, of the lesson it has taught me—the lesson of faith, to live forever undimmed in my soul!"

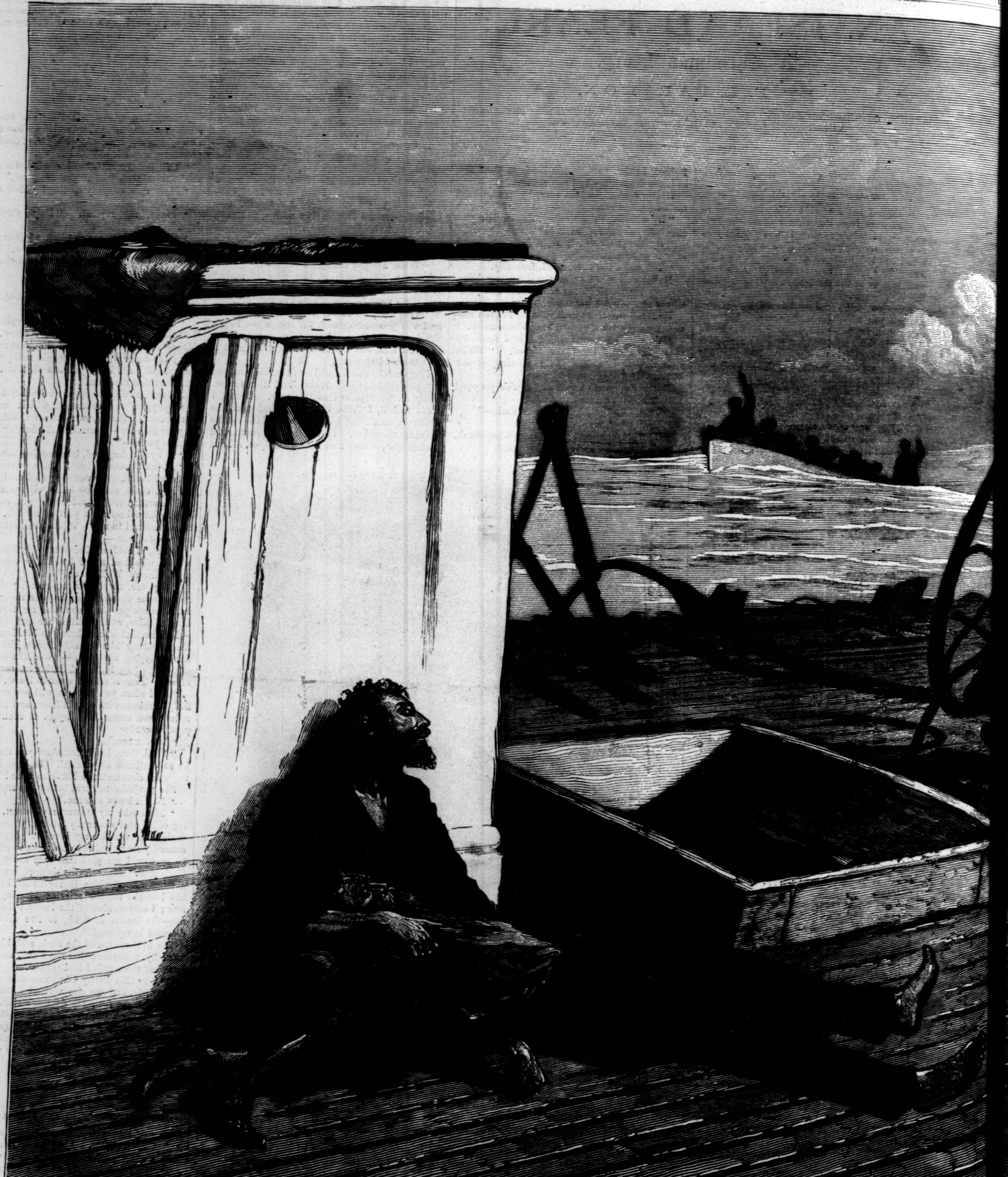
She held me round the neck, and, kissing me tearfully, whispered that she would never, never forget the words I had spoken.

And so that happy Christmas flew away all too swiftly, and the day arrived when my duties called me from my darling's side. I will not dwell upon our parting. The grief I suffered is too deep for words. But hope was before me—hope that perhaps on my next voyage I should be in a position to claim my wife, and take her with me in my ship as the captain's lady.

VI.

MY MOTHER BELIEVES SHE SEES A GHOST.

Truly man proposes and God disposes. I anticipated that I should be absent for not longer than twelve months, and it was three years before I stepped upon my native land again. Briefly, this is the reason why: We were bound for China, and while we lay there unloading, the agents of the vessel accepted a profitable charter for Australia. The gold-fields had just been discovered in that part of the world, and the chance was not to be missed. I fretted at the delay, but duty was before me, and that stood first. So we set sail for the Australian coast. Our voyage was a disastrous one. When within two days' sail of our destination, our ship, *The Blue Jacket*, was overtaken by a violent storm, which so disabled her that we had to take to our boats. It happened strangely enough that another vessel, also named *The Blue Jacket*, was caught in this storm, and went down with all hands. We were more fortunate. Only one man was lost—our skipper—so that the command devolved upon me. We were picked up and taken into

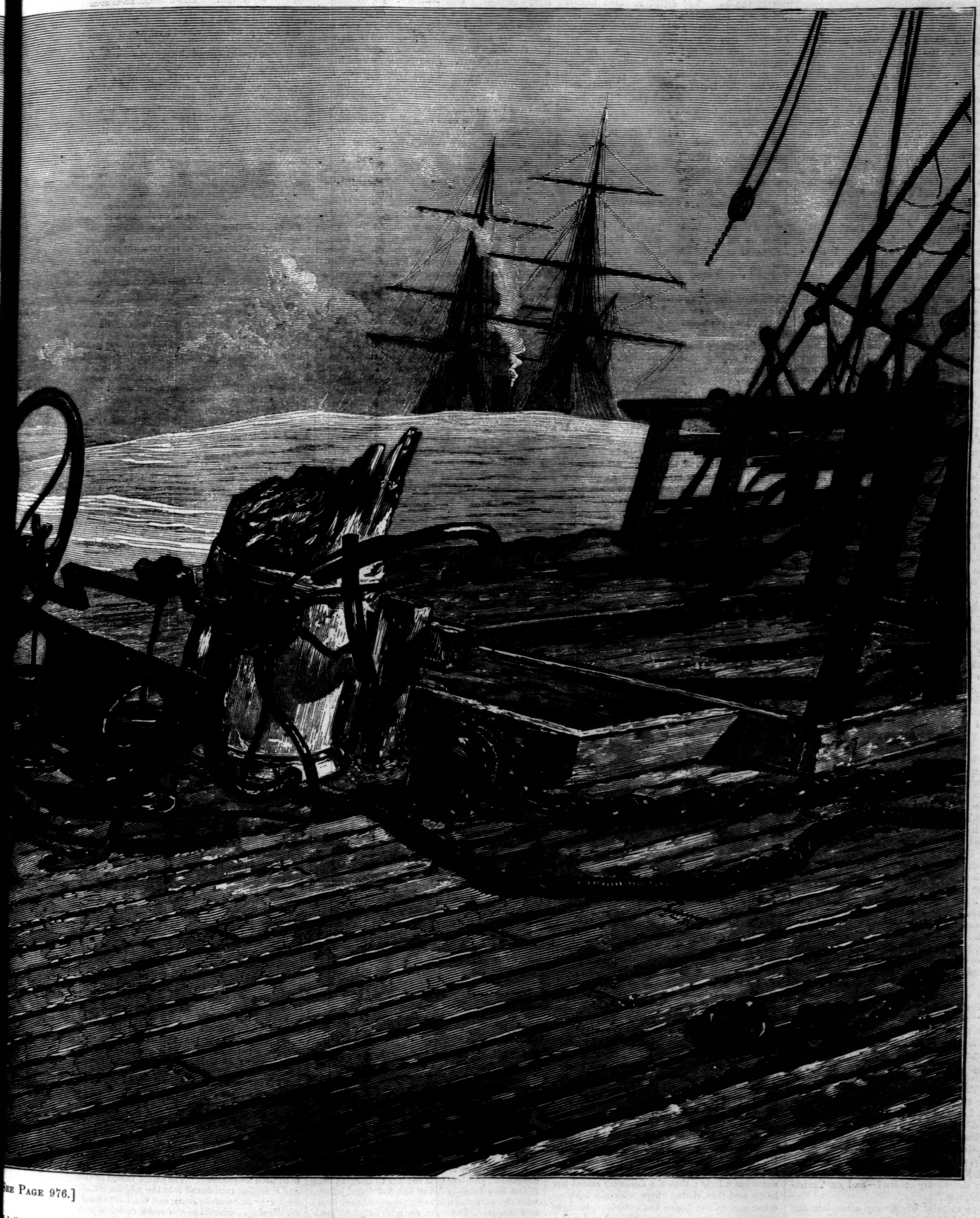


THE RESCUE

Melbourne, and there I reported myself. My great anxiety now was to get home as soon as possible, but a temptation was thrown in my way which I could not resist. I was offered the command of a vessel, belonging to the owners of *The Blue Jacket*. This vessel was to trade first to China, and there take in cargo for London. To successfully accomplish this to the satisfaction of my owners would be as good as the making of me. No more partings from Mabel, then, thought I, as I joyfully—though with a natural rue at the delay—accepted the offer. I wrote home to Mabel the double good news of my escape from shipwreck and my promotion. You will understand that during all this time I had no opportunity of receiving a line from her; such are the exigencies of a sailor's life. I was kept in Melbourne longer than pleased me, and it was quite three months before I stepped on to my ship's deck with my clearing papers. The gold fever was raging so violently in those days that it was no easy task to get a crew together for a humdrum country like Great Britain. However, we managed to muster a lot of scarecrows who knew little enough of the sea or a sailor's duties, and after an unreasonably long voyage—in consequence of my being compelled to be more than ordinarily careful because of the incompetency of my crew—we arrived safely at our first destination, and there took in cargo for dear old England. I looked upon it as the happiest of happy omens that I arrived home at Christmas-tide. I had been absent exactly three years.

* * * * * *

With a joy stirring in my heart which I have not the power to express, I set out from the docks for the dear little cottage of shells in Brixton. It was evening before I could get free, and the night was dark—but not lonely. Flowers seemed to rise in the snow as I walked, seemed to grow in the air as I stepped onward. Cold? Not a bit of it. Every thing was warm and beautiful and bright, as it should be at Christmas. All my anxieties and troubles were now at an end. How grateful I was that, by God's mercy, I was spared, and enabled to spend another Christmas ashore with my darling wife and my dear old mother! I recalled the memory of the last happy Christmas I had spent in their dear society, and of the lesson of love and faith I had then learned. And there came upon me in fuller force a dim, sweet hope I had nursed and cherished through all my wanderings—a hope which I hardly dared to shape into words—that when I reached home I should se[e]
who would call me f[...]
upon that hope! [...]
What resolutions I [...]
my child in a worthy
proud of me, as I was
father! I pictured
dressed, as I used to
—I knew full well th[e]
other fashion, out of
myself carrying h[i]m
Brixton streets, and
to the people as the
bravest sailor that eve[r]



[SEE PAGE 976.]

...abel's arms a child
How I had dwelt
had cherished it!
...rmed to bring up
, and to make him
...eecroft, Mariner, my
in my imagination
tiny sailor clothes
...ld dress him in no
for me—and I saw
arms through the
...ng him with pride
...on of the best and
...ered to the call of
duty. My heart sung within me, and either my cheeriness, or my brisk step, or the brightness of my face, or all of them together mayhap, caused me to receive many a pleasant look from the passers-by—looks, be sure, which I returned with interest. Home! dear, sweet Home! You who always enjoy it, who are never away from it, who turn to it daily as your ark of refuge, can scarcely realize the joyful feeling that fills the sailor's heart as, after months and years of absence, and after passing through such peril as had fallen to my lot, he approaches the spot which contains all that is dear to him in the world. The close, dingy streets were like glimpses of heaven to me, and stars of love lighted me on my way.

There were no lights in the Brixton lanes, but I could have found my way if I had been blind. Many a time on the wild seas, when the wind was howling round me, and not a star could be seen in the dark skies, had I in my fancy threaded my way through these paths, and seen the cottage of Beecroft, Mariner, shining out of the gloom, with my wife and mother waiting at the door to welcome me; and now, as I turned the lane in which our cottage was situated, a dull feeling of pain crept into my heart because I did not hear the pattering of the feet nor see the faces of those I so fondly loved. Only for a moment did this unreasonable feeling have play; I shook it off resolutely. How could they know, how could they tell, the hour and the minute I should appear among them? I called myself aloud a great simpleton, and laughed, and stepped on softly, enjoying in anticipation the happiness which in a few moments would be mine. Thought I, "There'll be a light in the cottage window, and Mabel and mother will be setting together, Mabel with our child on her knee"—I had set my heart on it, you see—"prattling to him, perhaps, of the father his young eyes had never yet beheld; or perhaps the child will be asleep, and Mabel will be kneeling by his side, holding a shell to his ear, so that the murmuring voices of the sea might perchance mingle themselves in his dreams; and then, at the sound of my voice, there will be cries of joy, and happy feet running to the door, and loving arms round my neck, and baby's great eyes staring at me, wondering what it is all about. All these fond fancies were mine as I walked slowly onward.

I reached the cottage, and not seeing a light in the window, I thought that Mabel and my mother might be in the kitchen at the back. I